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TO THE PUBLIC.

A COMPLETE change has taken place both in the proprietors and conductors of the **CRITICAL REVIEW**; not a single individual formerly concerned having now any connection with it. Under every alteration the purpose should be improvement, but the one by no means necessarily implies the other. Upon this point experience is the true test. Those who at present have the management of the *Review* make no promises, for the best of all reasons—because those promises would not be believed.—The public hope has so often been deceived, and its confidence has so often been abused for temporary purposes, that the time is come when nothing but performances will avail. Meritorious exertions are now, however, as sure of success as empty professions are certain of defeat. The future numbers of the *Critical Review* are therefore appealed to, and by them the Proprietors must be judged. If they and their literary friends have not talent sufficient for the due conduct of it, let it sink like other worthless undertakings. It has already received the patronage of the public for 60 years, and those into whose hands it has just devolved, have but one object:—to make it as deservedly acceptable as at any former period of its existence.

It is necessary, however, to say something as to future intentions, and as to what the readers of the *Critical Review* will have a right to look for on its pages hereafter. Impartiality is the first requisite of self-erected censors—learning and ability depend upon other circumstances, but impartiality upon themselves. As the *Critical Reviewers* will not be merely “the discoverers and collectors of the faults of writers,” so neither will they be the lavish eulogists of folly and inanity.

Their utmost exertions will be applied to give the earliest notices of new works, including such extracts, more especially from publications of great intrinsic value, as will enable the reader to form a fair estimate of the whole, and

to derive as much information as can be included within the compass of a careful epitome. The remarks of the conductors will not be obtrusively interspersed so as to interfere with the true purpose of a *review*, properly understood, avoiding alike the two extremes of mere analysis and separate essay.

Of late years one important department of a Review has been necessarily much neglected, viz. the notice of foreign valuable publications. The connections of the Proprietors of this work abroad, and their acquaintance with modern languages, will enable them to supply this deficiency.

It is a part of their design to introduce into their pages a novelty to periodical works of this kind, which in the present state of the public taste will not be unacceptable. Much attention within the last five and twenty years has been devoted to the early literature of Great Britain, which has led to expensive reprints of works, sometimes of intrinsic value, and sometimes of mere curiosity. In general, however, in both cases, judicious extracts, comprising the most useful or interesting portions of the originals would fully answer all important purposes. A department of this kind will in future be opened in the *Critical Review* under the head of "*Bibliotheca Antiqua*," for which ample resources are afforded to the Proprietors, either in their own, the libraries of their friends, or of public institutions to which they have access. The forgotten trash of former times will never be raked from its dust, unless for the sake of illustrating some valuable point connected with history and antiquities.

In the present, and in the number immediately preceding (for the change took place only in the month of May last), the new Proprietors have endeavoured in some degree to fulfil their wishes, and they are happy to find that their endeavours have already met with partial success. Of course a liberal allowance will be made on the commencement of their undertaking for hasty and defective arrangement; it is not from one or two numbers that a fair judgment can be formed; they hope to proceed with many improvements, never completely self-satisfied, for there improvement usually ends; but with that reserve which is due to their own independence, generally valuing their efforts by the standard of public approbation.

ART. I.—*The Life of James the Second, King of England, &c. collected out of Memoirs writ of his own Hand, together with the King's Advice to his Son, and his Majesty's Will. Published from the original Stuart Manuscripts in Carlton House. By the Rev. J. S. CLARKE, LL.B. F.R.S. Historiographer to the King, Chaplain of the Household, and Librarian to the Prince Regent. 2 vols. 4to. London. Longman and Co. Pp. 750 and 678.*

WE are told, in the Preface to this work, that the nation is indebted to the zeal and unremitting exertions of the Prince Regent for the preservation of these historical documents, and in the Dedication, that they are selected and prepared from the most valuable of the private manuscripts of James II. "whereby," it is added, "the public may be enabled to form an opinion of the principles and motives which influenced, in his own apprehension at least, the counsels and conduct of that monarch."

Why any successor to the British throne should be at all disposed to bring forward to public notice "the principles and motives" which governed that Sovereign during his short reign, unless it be to place in advantageous contrast his own wisdom and virtues with the follies and vices of his precursor, we are utterly at a loss to imagine; but if, independently of these "principles and motives," the design be to add another feeble character to the list of royal authors, or to supply the patriot and the historian with new and important papers illustrative of British history, we can suggest to our minds either a probable or a rational purpose why his Royal Highness has issued his commands to his own librarian to prepare the present compilation.

We have heard heretofore of the disclaimer of the Prince Regent as to "predilections." Does his Royal Highness suppose that there exists any predilection in the minds of his countrymen in favour of a Prince who sacrificed every thing, even his own honour, to French attachments and French connections? We have also heard heretofore, on a solemn occasion in a business of the utmost importance before the House of Commons, of "the word of a Prince." Does his Royal Highness assume that the dicta of James are to controul all our opinions founded on the substantial evidence supplied by Courtin, Barillon, and their correspondent Lewis XIVth, with the abundant materials in Dalrymple's papers?

The account here given of "the principles and motives"

of the subject of these biographical memoirs is the more questionable, if it be from originals written by his own hand. The best minds are deceived as to their own impulses and operations, and the practice of the worst is both to deceive themselves and others; and all the apologetic observations of the reverend book-makers and book-keepers of his Royal Highness will not be sufficient to convince us and the public, that James the Second, whether as Duke of York or King of England, was not the most consummate despot of his time, as far as his weak abilities would allow him to acquire that opprobrious distinction.

We acknowledge, that in our situation as critics, we have often entertained serious doubts, from painful and humiliating experience of the authenticity of papers published under the highest authority; in muniments produced with great solemnity, we have seen omissions and contrivance and garbling that would disgrace the lowest practitioner in the art of misrepresentation; and under the doubts resulting from such circumstances, we should have been glad to have been informed from any competent authority, that this attempt at vindication of the life and conduct of King James the Second, had been published from the original Stuart manuscripts, without any addition or subtraction, without any transposition or interpolation. It is not satisfactory to us that these originals are deposited in Carlton House, unless the student and the public are allowed free access to them, and we conceive that there is no place in which they could be retained where admission and inspection would be with so much difficulty procured. If the Prince Regent should wish to satisfy the anxiety of the nation, learned and unlearned, as to the correctness and purity of these documents, let him order the whole of them to be conveyed to the British Museum, or to some other depository, where a comparison may be made between the manuscript and the publication, and a fair chance be afforded of removing our suspicions and those of others, as to the fidelity of the transcriber, and the genuine character of the work.

It appears that some impediments had arisen to acquiring the papers that afford the materials of this history; but in 1810, the Prince of Wales, not discouraged by these obstacles, and "impelled by a consideration for the Stuart family, which his Royal Highness had previously shewn in assuring the Cardinal York of a continuance of his pension, even if it were to be paid out of the privy purse of his Royal

Highness, was pleased to authorise Sir John Hipposley to confide the commission for obtaining the Stuart papers to Mr. Bonelli." We are also told in a note on this passage by the Reverend Editor, that "the House of Brunswick from the first displayed a noble regard for the feelings of the Stuart family," and to confirm this, we are referred to a letter from the Princess Sophia of Hanover to King William. What is the meaning of this "consideration" and "noble regard" to the Stuarts, who ascended the throne only to disgrace it, who exercised power only to abuse it, and who in the period when our constitution had arrived at the greatest theoretical perfection, rendered nugatory the operation of the best laws by the worst government. Then was the abolition of the Court of Ward, the repeal of the Writ de Hæretico Comburendo; then the establishment of the right of the Commons in matters of impeachment, and the expiration of the Licence Act, and then that glorious palladium of our liberties the statute of Habeas Corpus; yet these immunities were not sufficient to secure us from the encroachments of the subject of these memoirs, and all the royal patronage he has acquired from his successor in the government, will not rescue him from the detestation to which he has been consigned by an insulted and injured people.

Mr. Bonelli, whom we have mentioned, was not the only person employed in obtaining the papers; it was through the assistance of the Rev. Mr. Macpherson, President of the Scotch College, that he succeeded in shipping the cases off for Leghorn: and it is with reference to this latter, and for the sake of the utility of the remarks in the papers themselves, that we extract the following letter to Mr. Laing, introduced into Lord Holland's address to the reader of the History of James the Second by Mr. Fox:

"With respect to Carte's extract, I have no doubt but it is faithfully copied; but on this extract it is necessary to make an observation, which applies to all the rest, both of Carte's and Macpherson's, and which leads to the detection of an imposture of the latter, as impudent as Ossian itself. The extracts are evidently made, not from a journal, but from a narrative; and *I have now ascertained beyond all doubt*, that there were in the Scotch College *two distinct* manuscripts, one in James's own hand, consisting of papers of different sizes bound up together, and the other a sort of historical narrative, compiled from the former. The narrative was *said* to have been revised and corrected, as to style, by Dryden* the poet (mean-

* It is the opinion of the present possessor of the narrative, that it was compiled from the original documents by Thomas Innes, one of the Super-

ing probably Charles Dryden, the great poet's son), and it was not known in the College whether it was drawn up in James's life, or by the direction of his son, the Pretender. I doubt whether Carte ever saw the original journal; but I learn, from undoubted authority, that Macpherson never did; and yet to read his Preface, pages 6 and 7 (which pray advert to), one would have supposed, not only that he had inspected it accurately, but that all *his* extracts at least, if not Carte's also, were taken from it. Macpherson's impudence, in attempting such an imposition, at a time when almost any man could have detected him, would have been in another man incredible, if the internal evidence of the extracts themselves against him were not corroborated by the testimony of the principal persons of the College. And this leads me to a point of more importance to me. Principal Gordon thought, when I saw him at Paris in October, 1802, that all the papers were lost. I now hear from a well-informed person, that the most material, viz. those written in James's own hand-writing, were indeed lost, and in the way mentioned by Gordon, but that the Narrative, from which only Macpherson made his extracts, is still existing, and that Mr. Alexander Cameron, Blackfriars Wynd, Edinburgh, either has it himself, or knows where it is to be found."

But in support of the genuineness of the papers secured in the library at Carlton House, we are informed that Sir John Hippenley had frequently when at Rome, from 1792 to 1795, examined the whole collection, and was perfectly satisfied respecting their authenticity. We know very little of Sir John, whether in his character of a Member of Parliament or an inspector of manuscripts; and we confess that we are not the better satisfied with the originality of the documents because he has given to them his sanction and authority.

The Abbé James Waters, who died at Rome, has supplied some account of these Stuart manuscripts, which he sent from thence on the 12th of January, 1805. He says that these papers were left with him by the late Duchess of Albany, who found them in her father's library in Florence, from whence he brought them to Rome, and lodged them in the Chancery until her death. He observes, that the four volumes of the life of King James the Second do not seem to be a collection of scattered papers with intervals of time and place, but form an historical uninterrupted account of the principal events, private and public, of his life and connections, from his first campaigns in France and Spain, his return to England, his residence and persecutions at Court, his

riors of the College, and author of a work entitled, *A Critical Essay on the Ancient Inhabitants of Scotland*.

exile in Scotland, his conversion, marriage, and accession to the throne, from his birth in October, 1633, to his death in 1701.

"All these contents," proceeds the Abbé Waters, "are asserted to have been collected from memoirs written in his own hand, to which they bear continual references, citations, and long extracts. The King before he left England, collected all his papers together, which in confusion and hurry he put in a box, and entrusted to the Count of Therese, the Duke of Tuscany's Envoy. By his means they were sent to Leghorn and Florence, and by the Grand Duke to Paris, where they were deposited in the Scotch College. These papers made in all a collection of nine volumes, all written with his own hand. What access was given to these original papers I cannot say; but sure the author of the four volumes by me, whoever he was, saw them, since he copied and cites so much from them. I have never seen the work published by a Mr. Macpherson in Edinburgh, entitled *Memoirs of King James the Second*, so cannot say if it be taken from these volumes. *I am however assured, the totality of their contents never was published.* A copy of these four volumes by me was taken by a Secretary of the King, and put into the hands of Mr. Gordon, superior of the house at Paris; this copy your friend Paul Macpherson, now here as agent for the Scotch Clergy, took to England in 1788, and shewed it to a Mr. Chambers, who was writing the History of Scotland; he wished to borrow it as useful to his work, but it was refused. This copy is now in Scotland, and has nothing to do with the papers printed by Macpherson, author of *Ossian*."

"This," he adds, "is all I can say of the MS. in four volumes in my possession, which Mr. Lock, some years ago Consul at Naples, praised, and the Rev. Mr. Gunn admired, as well as Mr. Jackson now here. At all events, if the original memoirs of the King have been destroyed or burned at St. Omer's, as the Hon. Mr. Fox seems to believe, and was printed in the *Monthly Reviser* (Review) of last June, these copies will become interesting if not already printed." Vol. I. p. xvi.

Mr. Bonelli, though with considerable risk, succeeded in shipping off the cases with the manuscripts for Leghorn, and having there concealed them from the vigilance of the custom-house officers, they were embarked for Tunis, and from thence forwarded to Malta, and finally to London, when the whole was placed in the library of Carlton House.

It might be concluded, from the perusal of the title-page of these volumes, that the publication was taken directly from the hand-writing of James, and we are not pleased with this illusion. Some who have inspected the manuscripts in Carlton House, it is said, are inclined to think that the person employed in drawing up the life was Mr. Lewis Innes, styled by Voltaire *Le Jesuite Innes*, who, with Lord Caryll (the nobleman to whom Pope was indebted for the first idea of the *Rape of the Lock*), had been associated in the service of James after his withdrawing into France. A warrant, dated March 24, 1701, assigns the original memoirs to this gentleman, to be preserved in the archives of the Scotch College at Paris.

Thus much having been said as to the manuscript, its authenticity, and the circumstances under which it was obtained, we shall next proceed to the history, which we are told by the Editor, contains a great treasure of historical anecdote and information, and with it, the most full account of the commencement of Charles the Second's secret negotiations with France, a justification of Prince Rupert under his alleged impetuosity in the battle of Marston Moor; and a striking fact in the opinion of the compiler is recorded, "that of all the parliamentary officers introduced to the Duke of York, when under the peculiar circumstances of calamity that attended the surrender of Oxford, and the total depression of the royal cause, Cromwell was the only person who rendered to the Prince the homage of kneeling when presented."

The first volume commences with the year 1633, when James the Second was born, and concludes with 1684, when Charles the Second demised. With the infancy and childhood of the Duke of York we have little concern; in his prevarication about the cypher, and in his escape in female attire from Lion Quay, we have no interest, and not much more in his campaigns under Turenne, Condé, or John of Austria; but we are satisfied, that throughout his early history he displayed more zeal than ability, and more bustle than business. We pass over likewise his marriage with the daughter of the Lord Chancellor Hyde, and his unworthy attempt to conceal that connection, which, by the spirit of the lady, who would not submit to the degradation, was rendered abortive. But when in 1663 we find him acting as Lord High Admiral of England, his conduct becomes connected with our nation, and therefore deserves our particular notice.

But before we enter into the examination of the Duke of York's own account of his "principles and motives," as compared with those attributed to him by others, let us for a moment seek the clue with which the labyrinth of the human mind is rendered of easy access, and ascertain what are the ruling passions, by which all the actions of his life were governed. Authors are divided among themselves, it must be admitted, whether political or religious bigotry had the predominance in the heart of this corrupt prince and bad man; but they are all agreed that if the one or the other were not exclusively the controuling principle, it was because both were so accurately balanced, that neither preponderated. It is not necessary that we should in this place resolve this historical enigma; it will be sufficient for our purpose, if in the course of our review of this work, we are enabled to shew, that on every occasion, whatever may be the motives assigned by the Duke for his own deportment, he was constantly, in the opinion of his biographers, actuated either by the love of arbitrary sway, or by this dark bigotry, and on that test we are willing to be tried, whatever may be the sentiments of His Royal Highness, and of his librarian, as to the virtues and merits of the hero of their publication.

We will begin with the Dutch war, when the Duke first appears as Lord High Admiral of the kingdom. What is the account given in this work of the causes of that war? It says,

"The several complaints of our marchants of the injurys they received from the Dutch, by their depredations of them during the late disturbances in England, were a sort of preamble and introduction to the war which soon after followed against Holland; for it now grew to be the sense of the whole nation, and of the House of Commons in particular, that satisfaction ought to be given to our marchants for the injuries and losses they had sustained by the unjust incroachments of the Hollanders, which losses were represented to amount to seven or eight hundred thousand pounds."—
Vol. I. page 401.

It would appear from this explanation, that the Dutch were the aggressors, and that the object of the war was the protection of the commerce of the realm. What says Bishop Burnet as to the motives of this war? "France and popery were the true springs of all these councils."—"The French did thus set on the war between the English and the Dutch, hoping that our fleets should mutually
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weaken each other so much, that the naval force of France, which was increasing very considerably, should be near an equality to them when they should be shattered by a war. The States were likewise the greatest strength of the protestant interest, and were therefore to be humbled."

Of the same character is likewise the account of Smollet. "Charles," say he, "whose prodigality kept him always necessitous, foresaw that he should be able to convert to his private use, part of the supplies granted for the maintenance of the war: he delighted in ship-building, and was ambitious of equipping a navy that should give law to all the maritime states in Europe: his brother longed for an opportunity to signalize his courage and power as High-Admiral against a people he hated, not only for the republican principles, but also as one of the chief bulwarks of the protestant religion."

Among the members of the cabal in 1672, the Earl of Shaftesbury was the most zealous for carrying on the second war with Holland, and on both these contests we have the subsequent observations by Mr. Fox in his History. "The first Dutch war had been undertaken against all maxims of policy, as well as of justice; but the superior infamy of the second, aggravated by the disappointment of all the hopes entertained by good men, from the triple alliance, and by the treacherous attempt at piracy with which it was commenced, seems to have effaced the impression of it, not only from the minds of men living at the time, but from most of the writers who have treated of this reign. The principle, however, of both, was the same, and arbitrary power at home was the object of both."

We will next proceed to the year 1681, when the Duke of York was appointed the King's High Commissioner in Scotland, and on the 28th of July in that character opened the parliament. What says the manuscript?—That the object of it was to counteract the violence of the English parliament, and by such means, to tranquilize both kingdoms.

"It was not doubted but the loyal disposition of the greatest part of the nobilitie and gentrie, together with the Duke's presence *and winning behaviour*, which had gained such an influence over that kingdom, would make a parliament not only contribute to the quiet and advantage of Scotland, but by running counter to that of England, be a check and bar to such violent proceedings as hitherto distracted that nation."—Vol. I. page 683.

Now what was done of this pacific tendency, or rather, what was not done to produce an excess of irritation in the minds of the people? Two acts were passed under the High Commissioner, and by the first it is acknowledged, that the crown of Scotland is by inherent right, by the nature of monarchy, by the fundamental and unalterable laws of the kingdom, transmitted and devolved by lineal succession, according to proximity of blood; and that no difference in religion, no law, no act of parliament can divest the lineal descent of the crown to the nearest and lawful heirs; and the same act made it high treason either by word or writing to suspend or alter the right of succession. By the second, an oath was prescribed to be taken by all officers in church and state, of which Rapin speaks in these terms. "This oath was drawn in such a manner, that it imposed a necessity of swearing directly against conscience, or of being, as I may say, debarred the society of men. Accordingly, it was refused by most of the ministers, and a great number of the laity. But this was what the contrivers of the oath wanted, in order to have an opportunity to persecute and destroy those, who, it was foreseen, would obstruct the designs of the court. Scotland was almost reduced to slavery with regard to the government. Nothing was wanting but the introduction of the popish religion, and for this the oath was intended, because it was thereby hoped to have an opportunity of disabling the greatest enemies of popery from opposing this design."

With these few extracts and the comments upon them, which is all our room will allow us, we shall dispose of the first volume, treating of James, Duke of York, and proceed to consider the second, in which we have the history of the same personage in his rank as James, King of England; and here will be found the like misrepresentation and misconduct in his character as a sovereign, that we have before discovered in his character as a subject. Prior to the close of 1685 nothing could appear more flourishing than the king's situation. He had suppressed two dangerous rebellions, had extinguished faction, and had obtained a parliament that complied with all his wishes. He had a standing army at his command, the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance were listened to as articles of the English creed, and he was courted by foreign states as a Prince who had it in his power to controul the affairs of Europe. In such circumstances, there is no doubt that a degraded parliament, and misguided people were pre-

pared for the establishment of arbitrary power, had he not thought it necessary to connect with this political obedience that submission of conscience which the catholic religion exacts from her adherents.

We will first notice an endeavour made in this work to justify James under the notorious cruelty and infamy of his officers. The participation of the King in the conduct of Jefferies, it is thus attempted to disclaim.

"My Lord Stamford, Delamere, and Brandon, were all seized and carryd to the Tower, a Commission of Oyer and Terminer was likewise granted out of the Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys to go down into the West, and make such further enquirys, and inflict such further punishments as the example of former reigns, and the security of the present seem'd to require; but his imprudent zeal, or as some say'd averice, carrying him beyond the terms of moderation and mercy, which was always most agreeable to the King's temper, so he drew undeservedly a great obloquy upon his Majesty's clemency, not only in the number, but the manner too of several executions, and in shewing mercy to so few."—Vol. II, page 43.

It was the saying of a virtuous monarch of France, that if truth were banished from all the rest of the world, it should be found in the hearts of princes. What a detestable spirit of falsehood must have dictated the preceding paragraph, if the explanation by Bishop Burnet be at all correct. "But," says he, "that which brought all his excesses to be imputed to the King himself, and to the orders given by him, was, that *the King had a particular account of all his proceedings writ to him every day*. And he took pleasure to relate them in the drawing room to foreign ministers, and at his table, calling it "*Jefferies's campaign*:" speaking of all he had done in a stile, that neither became his Majesty, nor the mercifulness of a great prince. Dykfield was at that time in England, one of the Embassadors whom the states had sent over to congratulate the King's coming to the crown. He told me, that the King talked so often of these things in his hearing, that he wondered to see him break out into those indecencies."

We have next a feeble effort to supply evidence of the King's beneficent feelings, by his treatment of Major Holmes, who had been engaged with Monmouth, and had lost his son, and an arm in the battle. This man, as a mark of favour, was sent down to the Lord Chief Justice, to inform him who were most criminal, and who most deserved mercy, "that he might doe some service ere he

received his pardon." The first news the King heard of him was, that he had been hanged with the rest. As a reward for all this courtly and acceptable deportment, Jefferies was created a peer, and was subsequently appointed Lord Chancellor of England!

We have an absurd detail to justify James's conduct as to the trial of the seven Bishops, and it is said, that he gave no obstruction to the course of public justice in that transaction; and afterwards he endeavours to make a merit of not employing the troops against his adversary; an army which he wrote to the Earl of Feversham to disband, without any attention to its pay, and as Rapin observes, "probably on purpose to cause disturbances in the kingdom by the discontents of the officers and soldiers."

The sequel of the volume is from "the 4th tome" of the manuscript, and comprehends the transactions between the years 1689 and 1701, or from the time of the abdication to the death of James; and the editor tells us, that "Mr. Walter Scott is of opinion that the facts in the following portion of the life, concerning the revolution in Scotland, were chiefly taken from the Earl of Balcarras's letter to James the Second, which may be found in Somer's Collection of tracts Mr. Scott there informs us, that, Colin Lindsay, third Earl of Balcarras, declined to quit the interest of his unfortunate master after the revolution; attached to it by affection, gratitude, and the delicacy of sentiment which the love of letters commonly inspires."

One of the early paragraphs in this division of the work, is, as might be expected, intended to vilify the conduct of those who were concerned in the revolution, and especially of him who had been invited to succeed to the regal authority.

"It is the main drift of all promoters of sedition and treason, to get possession of those precious titles of being the assertors and restorers of liberty, property, and religion, and then they are sure the work is more than half perform'd; for when once they have appropriated to themselves those good and pleasing words of plausible and popular things, and fasten'd on the government such as are vulgarly odious and contemptible; faction, envy, and desire of novelty, will do the rest: so the Prince of Orange having gain'd that point, had no more to doe but with pleasure look on, while the deluded patriots entangled themselves in the net, he need but spread before them, who to avoid an imaginary servitude, embraced a real one, by subjecting themselves and the kingdom, to the pur-

sute of forreign aims and interests, which has since drained the blood and treasure of the nation in a most ruinous and expensive war."

We have next some extraordinary remarks on the sentiments of the people as to settling the government, and these are followed by quibbles and definitions about the terms abdicated, deserted, vacant, &c. as applied to the throne under the flight and absence of James. It is considered as matter of exultation, that no mention is made, in the enumeration of grievances, as to a "Suppositious Prince," or, "the French league to cut the protestants' throat;" which it is asserted, "had been the main provocations to so universal a defection."

On the 12th of March, 1689, King James landed at Kinsale, and on the 14th went to Cork, where he was met by the Earl of Tyrconnel, and who giving an account of the state of the kingdom, says, "that the catholics of the country had no arms, whereas the protestants had great plenty, and the best horses in the kingdom; that for artillery he had but eight small field pieces in a condition to march, the rest not mounted, no stores in the magazines, little powder and ball, all the officers gon for England, and no mony in cash."—Vol. II. page 328.

We are now told that the Prince of Orange was "hugely surprised" at the news of James having reached Ireland, the King complain "that his own children had lost all bowells not only of filial affection, but of common compassion, and that they were as ready as the rest of that Jewish tribe, to cry out tolle de terra hujus-modi."

The narrative then adverts to the King's reception in Ireland, and his entrance into Dublin. The rebels give way on every side at the approach of the King's forces, and he meets with no opposition but at Londonderry, where the siege is left under the conduct of certain officers in his interest, and he himself returns to Dublin. We have next a retrospect of the affairs of Scotland through about eighteen pages, and then the detail of operations in Ireland is resumed, and of which it is said, "tho' as hopeful as those of Scotland in the beginning, were no less fatall in the end, tho' they held out something longer, and had they been better managed, might have had a better fate."—Vol. II. page 354. Here he opened the parliament on the 7th of May, and declared, in his speech, that he had "always been for libertie of conscience, and against invading any man's

right or libertie; having still in mind the saying of the holy writ, Doe as you would be done too for this is the law and the profets." Such a declaration is naturally followed up by a justification of the proceedings, parliamentary and otherwise, in Ireland, with remarks on what was the real inclination of James respecting the Act of Settlement.

But what was truly the conduct of James in Ireland? He was intirely governed by the Count D'Avaux and the Irish Catholics, in whom his whole dependance was placed; and a Bill was brought in to recognize the King's title, to express the abhorrence of the legislature at the usurpation of the Prince of Orange, and of the defection of the English people. Another was introduced for the repeal of the Act of Settlement, by which the Protestants of the kingdom had been secured in the possession of their estates. No allowance was made for improvements, no provision was admitted for widows, and even the stock of corn was to remain on the premises. The work of mischief was not yet complete: an Act of Attainder was passed against all Protestants, whether male or female, whether of high or low rank, if they were absent from the island, as well as against all those who retired into any part of the three kingdoms which did not acknowledge the authority of James. The Protestants thus attainted, were in number about 3,000: two Archbishops, one Duke, seventeen Earls, seven Countesses, as many Bishops, eighteen Barons, and others of rank were included, declared traitors, and adjudged to suffer the pains of death and forfeiture.

It would be almost endless to record the acts of oppression by the executive as well as the legislative branch of the government. Soldiers were permitted to live upon free quarters, the people were plundered, even the kitchens were emptied of their utensils to supply brass for the mint; and James, not satisfied with the grants of his condescending Parliament, imposed a tax on chattels of 20,000*l.* per month by his own authority. "Understanding," says the historian, "that the Protestants had laid out all their brass money in purchasing great quantities of hides, tallow, wool, and corn, he assumed the despotic power of fixing the prices of these commodities, and then bought them for his own use." It might be concluded, that he was determined upon the utter destruction of the people.

In 1690, on the 1st of July, took place the battle of the Boyne, on which the fate of Ireland depended. We learn from this manuscript the rash confidence which James in-

dulged from the disputes in the English Parliament, of which otherwise we should not have been so minutely informed, and so far it is useful to the annalist and the politician. He could not believe that his son-in-law would be able to quit England, and William had actually been six days in Ireland before this blind and ill-advised antagonist had received any intimation of his arrival. The English having obtained the victory, James retired to Dublin, from thence proceeded to France, and reached Brest on the 20th of July.

On the whole, this work must be considered rather as an apology for the conduct of James in particular situations, than what the Editor calls it, "a great treasure of historical anecdote and information," or what the Abbé denominates it, "an historical uninterrupted account of the principal events, private and public," of the life of James the Second. As far as our observation has extended, during a careful perusal, the writer of the manuscripts seems to have avoided dwelling on nearly all the subjects of the greatest importance in the reign, and to have been minute only as to those which are of the least consequence, as affecting the deportment and character of the Prince; and we will venture to affirm, whatever may be the exalted notions entertained by the Rev. Editor of the treasure acquired, or by the Abbé of the history developed, that from the perusal of these memoirs, unassisted by any other authority, not only a very imperfect, but a very erroneous notion would be formed both of the character of James, and of the transactions in which he was concerned.

The fit and legitimate object of such a publication, professing to be from autographical sources of the highest dignity, is to supply original materials for the use of the statesman and the historian, that the errors of the period to which they refer may be corrected, the deficiencies supplied, and the redundancies withdrawn; and as far as such are the purposes in the contemplation of his Royal Highness and of his librarian, credit and honour will be ascribed to them for their industry and zeal. But we confess, on the examination of the work, and especially of the introduction to it, and the notes interspersed with it, we are not satisfied that such was the sole and exclusive design of this compilation. We cannot avoid thinking, that the Prince Regent is misapplying his "consideration" and "noble regard" for the Stuart family, the most mischievous that ever sat on the throne of this country, and that it would be much more

reputable for him to shew his attachment to his own friends and those of the state, than to the most bigotted and inveterate enemies of both. We would not suppose that there could exist any intention in the royal breast to whiten over the character of those who have been stained by the most flagrant political vices, or to hold up as a fit subject for imitation by the princes of this free country, the man whose whole life was devoted, whether on the steps or the seat of the throne, to the annihilation of that freedom.

It is said by the Editor, that in the work is given the most full account of the commencement of Charles the Second's secret negociations with France; but he has not ventured to add, that an account equally full is supplied of the secret negociations of the Duke of York and James the Second with the same power. The fact is, that it is lamentably deficient in both these respects; and it is not surprising, because the recital of the intrigues in which these Kings condescended to be parties, in order to raise money, and to wither the legislative branch of the British Constitution, were those subjects on which this self-biographer would have been least inclined to dilate. Happily, we are not left in the dark as to all this fraud and iniquity, for Sir John Dalrymple's *Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland* contain the letters from the French Ambassadors in England to their Court, and from Charles and James the Second, drawn from the *Dépôt des Affaires Etrangères* at Versailles, and King William's private Cabinet at Kensington. On this intercourse in the answer of Mr. Rose to the *History of James the Second*, by Mr. Fox, we have the following just observation, with which we shall conclude:—"Every native of Great Britain, carrying on a clandestine correspondence with a foreign power in matters touching the interest of Great Britain, is *primâ facie* guilty of a great moral as well as political crime. If a subject, he is a traitor to his king and his country; if a monarch, he is a traitor to the crown which he wears, and to the empire which he governs. There may be circumstances to extenuate the former, there can be none to lessen our detestation of the latter."

ART. II.—*Memoires Historiques sur la Révolution d'Espagne, par l'Auteur du Congrès de Vienne, &c. M. DE PRADT, Ancien Archevêque de Malines. Paris. 1816. Pp. 406.*

THERE is no department of literature in which the French have so decidedly surpassed other nations as in that of memoirs. While they possessed but one historian, (Voltaire), equally accessible and delightful to the scholar and the general reader, in whom the connection of great events with each other was developed with facility and interest; they abounded in writers, whose excellence in the portraiture of individual scenes and characters, was a compensation for the want of classical works of a more comprehensive plan. Statesmen and courtiers, warriors and men of letters, have each contributed, by narrating public events within their own knowledge, to furnish the materials of history with a copiousness of which the literature of no other nation can boast.

It would perhaps be too great praise to class the ex-archbishop of Mechlin with these writers; and his work is not entirely of the disinterested class to which we have been alluding. Those books were for the greater part legacies to posterity; at least they were written with no other interested object than to vindicate the honour of the writers or their friends, or inflict justice or vengeance on their enemies.

We cannot imagine that M. de Pradt writes only for posterity; and at the same time we do not see what personal object he can have in publishing political works like those which have recently and repeatedly issued from his pen. He is not sparing in his reproaches of his ancient master Napoleon, against whose worst actions he is a vehement declaimer; yet he is also no niggard of eulogy when he has occasion to speak of his intellectual powers. He advocates with great zeal and eloquence in the present work, the cause of O'Farril, Massaredo, and the other proscribed partisans of King Joseph, but treats with contempt King Ferdinand, on whom the fate of those refugees depends. It is reported too, that his work on the *Bourbons* is prohibited at Paris, and that he has been prosecuted for the present publication. These are claims, if not to unlimited confidence, yet to some credit; and we must say, that we have read this work with an impression that the statements may be received without

much hesitation. The author accompanied Bonaparte to Bayonne, and was employed by him to negotiate with the ministers of Ferdinand at the time that the abdication of the Spanish crown was extorted from the royal family after they had been seduced within the French frontier. In this character and situation his testimony is of importance, and will be appealed to by posterity.

Before the author arrives at the transactions in which he bore a part, he gives a hasty sketch of the incidents which led to them. On this subject we find nothing new. It will be recollected, that after an alliance had been formed between the revolutionary government at Paris and the Bourbons of Spain, the court of the Escorial was content to play so insignificant and deplorable a part, that the existence of the state was only recollected by its occasional calamities. The battle of Trafalgar completed the annihilation of its navy, and its colonies were spared only through what we consider the mistaken generosity of the British Cabinet. Its government was in the hands of an upstart, Godoy, the *Prince of the Peace*, who still survives, the object of universal scorn and reprobation. The internal measures of the court of Spain were at the time so little noticed, that a transaction then passed unheeded, in this country at least, from which the calamities of that people may perhaps be dated. In October, 1806, about the period of the battle of Jena, a mysterious proclamation was issued by the Prince of the Peace, calling upon the people of Spain to arm themselves against the peril in which the country was then placed. The enemy was not named, but says M. de P. (p. 15) "Napoleon has often told me, that it was on the field of battle of Jena that he received this instrument, which, making him sensible of the perils and perfidy to which he was exposed during any new expedition which he might have to undertake, led him to determine that he would protect himself by leaving no enemy in his rear; I swore, said he, from that moment that they should never do me any harm." We cannot abstain from remarking here how systematically Napoleon had calculated upon a succession of wars, though peace was always on his lips. Accordingly, he diminished the Spanish military force, by sending its choice troops into Denmark and Tuscany, and began a series of intrigues and artifices which have never been surpassed by any of the masters or pupils of the great teacher of fraud, Machiavel. Acting in concert with the prime minister of Spain, whose agent was Izquierdo, but without the

knowledge of the Spanish cabinet, he formed a treaty with Spain in October, 1807, according to which Portugal, then in possession of the armies of Bonaparte, was to be divided into three parts; one to be given in exchange for Etruria; a second, to the Prince of the Peace; the third was to remain in the hands of France, a sort of kingdom to let. About the same time an event took place, which is generally called the affair of the Escorial. The heir of the Spanish monarchy and the powerful minister of the crown were become implacable enemies: each knew no better resource than to throw himself into the arms of Bonaparte. Accordingly, while the Prince of the Peace had bargained with Napoleon for a crown for himself, the Prince of Asturias wrote to the Emperor, imploring his paternal protection, and offering to marry any one he should choose. The *treasonable* letter, for so even Bonaparte affected to consider it, was detected; the Prince was arrested, accused of high treason, and acquitted in due form. He wrote unintelligible letters to the King and Queen, confessing some crime, and was pardoned, while his counsellors, the Duke of Infantado and M. Escoïquiz, were banished from court.

Hitherto the Prince of the Peace had acted with Napoleon; and in conformity with their secret treaty, Bonaparte sent his forces into Spain, and they had already occupied the fortresses, when the scales fell from the eyes of Godoy, the minister; and finding, on the return of his agent Izquierdo from Paris, that his kingdom was as unreal as the dukedom of Sancho, he suddenly resolved on an act of vigour, which, if it had been original, might have been deemed heroic. He determined to transport himself with the old King and Queen to South America. The project was discovered; the royal fugitives were stopped at Aranjuez; the life of the minister was endangered. The King abdicated in favour of his son. This was on the 19th of March, 1808. "Such," says M. de P. "was the truly dramatic situation in which Spain was placed by the affair of Aranjuez. These had destroyed Bonaparte's plans; his genius, rich in expedients, furnished him with another."—Ferdinand, who was now the acknowledged master of Spain, had received no answer to his letter requesting a wife from the hands of Napoleon; but he seems to have confidently relied on his friendship. He announced his accession to the throne, and invited the Emperor to his court. The journey of Bonaparte was officiously proclaimed every where: we recollect

how much it was the subject of speculation in this country in the spring of 1808. He reached Bayonne on the 14th of April: there his success was complete. Having, by exquisite cunning, contrived to collect a deputation of the states of Portugal and Spain, then Ferdinand and his court, and at last Charles, the Queen, and the Prince of the Peace, he succeeded in obtaining all he sought, the sovereignty of Spain, which he gave to his brother. Never was Juvenal's sentiment more memorably illustrated—the Gods destroy us by granting our prayers. Napoleon was now lord of the ascendant, but from this moment may be dated his decline. It was this act which first opened the eyes of the public in all Europe. The Spanish minister Cevallos, performed the office of Ithuriel: he entered Madrid as the minister of King Joseph; but passing over to the service of the Junta, published his celebrated pamphlet on the 1st September, 1808. (See Crit. Rev. Vol. 124, p. 215, Oct. 1808.)

Our author truly says, that this pamphlet began the revolution in Germany, which was completed in 1813, and which was effected by the writers of that nation before it became the act of its warriors. We have some satisfaction in finding in this work an unwilling confirmation of all that is material in Cevallos, at the same time that the author seizes every occasion to shew his ill-will to the minister, viz. Cevallos, speaking of the house at Bayonne where Ferdinand was lodged, as not suited to his high rank, has drawn a not unmerited reproof. “The attention thus shewn to trifles amidst momentous concerns, betrays a little mind. While the King was throwing away Spain and America, the minister was thinking about the lodging at Bayonne. Such a minister might well advise the journey.” The particulars of this journey are related with great spirit. The author declares that General Savary often complained to him of the disgraceful part he was made to perform in that kidnapping transaction. He was made to assure Ferdinand that he would be acknowledged King of Spain on his arrival at Bayonne; and M. Escoiquiz bears testimony to Napoleon's admission of the fact. Nothing but the blindest infatuation could have led Ferdinand to an act, the event of which is to be deplored. Had he remained in Spain, the war would probably have gone on as it did, but he could hardly have failed either to imbibe the better spirit of the better part of his people, or he would have perished in the conflict. M. de P. relates, that on the arrival of Ferdinand, Bonaparte received him with the honours paid by him to

Kings alone; and the same evening sent word to him that he had resolved to dethrone the Bourbons of Spain. He hoped, the writer supposes, by the suddenness of the contrast, to overwhelm him at once, and lead him to an immediate cession of his crown; but Ferdinand clung to the sceptre which he knew not how to wield, and as is afterwards detailed, surrendered his power with reluctance.

It may be proper in this place to notice an important document annexed to the work. The publication by M. Escoïquiz of his several conversations with Bonaparte in the course of May, 1808. Escoïquiz was the confidential minister of Ferdinand, who advised the journey to Bayonne, and who vigorously and pertinaciously defended his master's rights against the usurper. The dialogue, however, has no internal evidence of truth, for in it Bonaparte makes speeches several pages long; and neither the coarse but original imagery, nor the laconic brevity which mark the ex-emperor's discourse, is to be found in it. Napoleon in this dialogue, justifies himself for seizing the Spanish crown on the ground of policy, and urges that Ferdinand has no right to it, having obtained his father's abdication by force. He offers the kingdom of Etruria in return, and promises to take no part of Spain for himself. The minister asserts with unsuccessful pertinacity, that the cession of Charles was voluntary.—“**NAPOLÉON.** In spite of your reasons, Canon, I shall retain my first idea, that a renunciation made during a popular insurrection, and instantly revoked, cannot be legitimate. But we will dismiss that for a moment, and tell me, am I to forget that the interests of my house and empire require that the Bourbons should cease to reign in Spain? (Then pulling my ear with great good humour, he added), and though you may be right, Canon, in all you say, I shall answer—**BAD POLICY.**”—The minister acknowledges that he feels the force of that sentence, and tries to shew the impolicy of the Emperor's project. He urges the difficulties arising from the opposition of the European powers, and the character of the people. Napoleon answers, that he had communicated his projects to the Emperor of Russia at Tilsitt, who had given his word of honour not to oppose them. And as to the Spanish people, though the populace might be raised, yet a little severity would reduce them.—“**Believe me, Canon, the countries where there are many monks, are easy to conquer; I have experienced this.**” This remark shews at least that Bonaparte's discernment did not go beyond his experience. He after-

wards declares his readiness to sacrifice 200,000 men in the attainment of his object. It certainly adds to the credibility of this narrative, as well as to the respectability of the writer, Escoiquiz, that having been minister of Ferdinand on his return, he is now in disgrace.

Napoleon, meeting with a stouter resistance from Ferdinand's ministers than he anticipated, and being dissatisfied with Savary's management of his cause, had recourse to our author, who declares that he was directed to confer with Escoiquiz : but if we are to credit his statement, he was so impressed with the injustice of his own cause, that he endeavoured to his utmost to work upon the mind of the oppressor, instead of assisting to subdue the spirit of the oppressed. We cannot read without suspicion professions of this description, but they may be discredited while the *overt acts* may be truly related. The account of Napoleon's conduct during this residence is interesting and probable. He appears to have been at first willing to let Ferdinand return to Spain, and his repeated language was, "He may declare war against me;" as if this were a giving of satisfaction, which, like duelling between individuals, was a compensation for every injury. "Why did they come here without passports?" said he on another occasion. "If it were to cost me 80,000 men I would not undertake this; but it will cost me only 12,000 men, mere child's play. Believe me it will soon be over. I do not wish to do any one an injury; but when my political car is in motion, it must go on, and woe to those who are under the wheels!"

These and a variety of other scattered expressions satisfy us, that much of what Bonaparte did on the present occasion was the result rather of accident than design. He acted with great courage, promptitude, decision, and disregard to the opinions of mankind; and finding himself opposed to persons destitute of every talent, and who could not inspire him with any respect, he was gradually led on to extremes, and a disregard of appearances from which he himself would have shrunk at the beginning of this adventure.

The final submission of the young King was not obtained till Charles the Fourth arrived. It was then that the honours of royalty, before paid to Ferdinand were, discontinued; Napoleon said he could not acknowledge two kings of Spain. The hatred of the Queen towards her son was so violent, that even Bonaparte himself appears to have been shocked at the excess to which it betrayed her.

"On returning from the palace of King Charles, Napoleon, after

taking some hurried turns in the garden of Marac, called those who were there to him, and full of the subject, painted the scene he had witnessed, in that animated, picturesque, figurative, and original style which is so familiar to him. His description placed us at once in the midst of the actors of the horrid scene. He painted Charles reproaching his son with the outrages against his grey locks, and the conspiracies which had annihilated the monarchy himself had preserved entire. 'It was Priam himself,' said Napoleon. Then he paused and added, 'The scene was becoming beautiful, when the Queen interrupted it by bursting into invectives and threats against her son. She begged me to send him to the scaffold. What a woman! what a mother!' he exclaimed. Then, after a pause, he added, 'Among all these people there is but one man of genius, the Prince of the Peace; he would have taken them to America.' And then he declaimed, or rather ossianised (*ossianisa*) for a length of time, on the immensity of the thrones of Mexico and Peru, on the greatness of the sovereigns who would possess them, and on the effect of these establishments upon the world at large. I had often heard him, but never saw him display such richness of imagination and style. Whether from the fertility of the subject, or that his faculties had been roused by what he had witnessed, and every nerve shaken; he was sublime. I never afterwards saw him at the same height."

It was after this incident that, according to Cevallos, Napoleon uttered the fatal words—" *Prince, il faut opter entre l'accession ou la mort,*" which our author justly considers as more disgraceful to the parents of Ferdinand than to Bonaparte. All that Charles and the Queen did on this occasion, his really eloquent letters to his son were the work of the Prince of the Peace, under the direction of Bonaparte; the others only signed their names.

The subsequent narrative of the like artifices practised towards the Spanish grandees to induce them to render homage to Joseph, is less interesting as the characters are less important. The Duke del Infantado was the most resolute of the friends of Ferdinand; and even when he faintly wished Joseph joy on his accession, he refused to acknowledge him expressly as his sovereign. The Emperor was not satisfied with this, and thus addressed the Duke—"No tergiversation, Sir; acknowledge the King, or refuse it. It is necessary to be great in crime as in virtue. Do you wish to place yourself at the head of the insurgents in Spain? I give you my word you shall have a safeguard thither; but I give you notice, you will be shot in eight days—no, in twenty-four hours."—The Duke submitted, and his speech is recorded in the *Moniteur* of the 18th of June, 1808.

The subsequent events are well known to our readers,

and lie beyond the period concerning which our author has original information to give. He reasons about the war, and details the causes of Bonaparte's failure as others have done before. Some facts, however, he mentions which were new to us : he relates, for instance, that so lately as the year 1811, Joseph was on the point of surrendering his crown to Napoleon, because he would not consent to surrender the independence of the country. We own we cannot comprehend how an individual so obtaining a crown should be so nice in his sense of the duties springing out of the possession of it. It is one of the paradoxes of our author to consider the ministers of Joseph patriots, as honest and as zealous for the independence and liberty of their country as the leaders of the Cortes and the Regency. On Bonaparte's return from Madrid, after the retreat of Sir John Moore from Corunna, our author relates, that he intimated to him his intention to divide Spain into five vice-royalties, considering himself as uncertain of a king of his own family as he should be of a Bourbon. From this arose many dissensions between Bonaparte and his brother, which M. de Pradt enumerates among the causes of the ultimate failure of the invasion. In treating of the war in general, he presents a shocking picture of its devastation and excesses, and estimates the loss sustained by the French during the six campaigns at 600,000 men !!!

The latter part of the volume is taken up in arguing in favour of those of the servants of Joseph, who, remaining a little too long in his service, were ultimately proscribed by those who had partaken of their treason ; and certainly, in great national conflicts, the moral worth of individuals stands in no necessary connection with the merit of the cause. When a civil war has sprung up, accident must determine the choice of a party ; and a reference to the history of the great conflict in this country in the 17th century, shews us how much excellence, moral and intellectual, was ranged under the opposite banners of Charles and the Parliament. It is true, the usurpation of Napoleon in Spain was effected by means singularly base ; and we should with difficulty allow the possibility, that any accessory *before* the fact could be an honest man. Yet we can believe, that many enlightened Spaniards might honestly think the dynasty of Bonaparte afforded a happier prospect for posterity than the family of the Bourbons could promise them. Indeed the strange and lamentable issue of the Spanish war,

shews the futility of all speculation on the consequences of political efforts; for we now behold the monarch who had surrendered his throne, restored to it without having himself contributed to his restoration, and the great agents and instruments of his victory, either languishing in chains or pining in exile.

We do not find that he has pardoned either the friends of Joseph, or the adherents of the Cortes, and his political vengeance against parties so opposite, resembles only the contemporaneous religious persecutions of catholics, and protestants, by Henry the Eighth.

The appendix consists of a number of documents of great interest, though not altogether new to the public. The letter of Bonaparte, to Ferdinand, of the 16th of April, 1808, lecturing the young prince on his duties, is a curious composition; and as well as several specimens of his conversation, contained in this volume, exhibits him in the rather new light of the *Joseph Surface* of despots.

ART. III.—*A Historical Survey of the Customs, Habits, and Present State of the Gypsies; designed to develope the Origin of this Singular People, and to promote the Amelioration of their Condition.* By JOHN HOYLAND, Author of an *Epitome of the History of the World*, &c. York. W. Alexander, 1816. 8vo. Pp. 265.

THAT singular collection of individuals, hardly constituting a nation, and inhabiting, as it were, the very out-posts of civil society, called Gypsies, are an object alike curious to the speculative scholar, and interesting to the active philanthropist. The subject is intimated in the title of the work before us: but our readers, we trust, will not think that we mean to depreciate the present work, when we observe that it has evidently originated in the author's benevolence, rather than his curiosity; and that the information which he has judiciously collected from sources, not very remote, or difficult of access, and which he has detailed in a sufficiently amusing form; is brought forward with the worthy purpose of attracting public attention, to a considerable number of objects, whose condition as a body, is more forlorn and deplorable, than that of any large body of individuals, who can fall under our observation in this country. It is true, that the wretchedness endured by Gypsies, is probably, less than that sustained by the unhappy victims

of European avarice in the West Indies; or by those individuals who having been admitted within, have been for their crimes, or through calamities of unfrequent occurrence, cast out of the pale of civil society. But even if their suffering be less intense, their woeful condition is more hopeless, and incurable; unless, indeed, (which it is the object of this work to assist in effecting,) they should become objects of the protecting, not punishing attention of the legislature; or the beneficent exertions of individuals, should be methodically applied in their behalf. There never, we believe, was a time when such an attempt might have been made with so fair a prospect of success; for never was beneficence practised with greater ardour, or nearly so much intelligence, as at the present moment.

On the historical speculative part of this work, we are not called upon to say much. The author has extracted his most interesting details from the excellent work of Grellman, and without advancing any conjecture of his own, has copied the remarks of Marsden and other modern writers, which had led to the conclusion, (almost solely deduced from etymological parallels) that the Gypsies are descended from Indian emigrants, or refugees. By what national calamity, war, pestilence, or famine, the ancestors of the present Gypsies were driven from Asia into the Eastern portions of Europe, it is not important or easy to ascertain. Little more is indeed known with certainty, than that they did make their appearance in Europe, late in the 14th or early in the 15th century: that they excited the interest of the lower classes, by vulgar and gross pretences to necromancy, principally in the form of palmistry, and which has continued to our own days; and that they soon became objects of punishment, by the regular government of the countries, where they made their appearance. The obscurity that hangs over their origin, proves at least this, that their numbers must have been originally small; and they exhibited on a miniature scale, the operation of those great laws of population, the effect of which Mr. Malthus has shewn in the history of those larger masses of mankind, called nations. The Gypsies being a small race of men, without property, distinction of ranks, industry, letters, arms, or religion; in short, with no other bond of union, than a spoken language merely, could only escape the observation of the people among whom they were intruding, by their insignificance; and by their contenting themselves

with the least possible quantity, and the worst possible kind of the means of subsistence. They refused to labour; they denied themselves all costly enjoyments; they fled from towns, and the more populous abodes of mankind; content to live, not absolutely in deserts,¹ (for these require cultivation,) but on the confines of social life, contriving to profit by the labour of others; but content with less of the produce of labour, than would satisfy any other order of persons; living under the impression of a sentiment, if that word be not too respectable, that while they avoided needless encroachments on the appropriated produce of the earth, they might gratuitously take such of that produce, as others least regarded, and were content from this worthlessness to abandon.

“ Oh! better wrong and strife,
Better vain deeds, or evil, than such life!
The silent heavens have givings-on;
The stars have tasks, but these have none.*

In a few words we have compressed what appears to be the essential character of Gypsies, as they were in all ages, since they have been known, and as they are now.

It is evident, that such beings must live at the mercy of the people, among whom they wandered: that having no provision of the means of subsistence, they must be constantly violating the laws of property; and that utterly defenceless, they must be the victims of cruel, or absurd laws. The most obvious remedy against the evils attending such a course of life, and it may be reasonably doubted, whether it is not the only practicable one, is their extirpation. Not as human beings, but as clans, or knots of individuals; accordingly, attempts have been made at different times, to break up their haunts. The adults have been saved, and the children carried away, and reared away from their parents, but hitherto without success; in a few years the disease has broken out again.

We ought not perhaps to reproach those who honestly made this attempt, with an inefficacy, which experience only could point out, or to accuse those of cruelty, who sought in a single generation, to put a period to such wretchedness. But the course of civil society, of itself, tends to put an end to the wretched seclusion, and independence of Gypsies, more effectually than positive laws. As the barbarians of the new world are pushed back by

* Wordsworth.

civilization, into the uncultivated regions of the earth; so the semi-barbarians of the old world, where there are no wildernesses to receive them, will be compressed within limits too narrow for independent existence.

By the cultivation of waste lands, Gypsies are gradually forced into closer contact with the lower classes of society; and hence, either they must receive the substantial blessings of social life, from the hands of its happier members; or, they must exchange with the unhappier classes of society, the vices and evils which oppress each of them.

It has become a very salutary measure, therefore, to ascertain the actual condition of Gypsies in the united kingdom; for this purpose, our author and his friends, recently circulated in the different counties of England, the following questions:

- " 1. From whence is it said the Gypsies first came?
- " 2. How many is it supposed there are in England?
- " 3. What is your circuit in summer?
- " 4. How many Gypsey families are supposed to be in it?
- " 5. What are the names of them?
- " 6. Have they any meetings with those of other circuits?
- " 7. And for what purpose?
- " 8. What number of Gypsies are there computed to be in the county?
- " 9. What proportion of their number follow business, and what kind?
- " 10. What do they bring their children up to?
- " 11. What do the women employ themselves in?
- " 12. From how many generations can they trace their descent?
- " 13. Have they kept to one part of the country, or removed to distant parts?
- " 14. How long have they lived in this part?
- " 15. Have they any speech of their own, different to that used by other people?
- " 16. What do they call it? Can any one write it?
- " 17. Is there any writing to be seen any where?
- " 18. Have they any rules of conduct which are general to their community?
- " 19. What religion do they mostly profess?
- " 20. Do they marry, and in what manner?
- " 21. How do they teach their children religion?
- " 22. Do any of them learn to read?
- " 23. Who teaches them?
- " 24. Have they any houses to go to in winter?
- " 25. What proportion of them, is it supposed, live out of doors in winter, as in summer?

Reports in answer to these questions have been received, and their contents are thus briefly stated :—

“ 1. All Gypsies suppose the first of them came from Egypt.

“ 2. They cannot form any idea of the number in England.

“ 3 The Gypsies of Bedfordshire, Hertfordshire, parts of Buckinghamshire, Cambridge, and Huntingdonshire, are continually making revolutions within the range of those counties.

“ 4. They are either ignorant of the number of Gypsies in the counties through which they travel, or unwilling to disclose their knowledge.

“ 5. The most common names are Smith, Cooper, Draper, Taylor, Bosswel, Lee, Lovell, Loversedge, Allen, Mansfield, Glover, Williams, Carew, Martin, Stanley, Buckley, Piunkett, Corrie.

“ 6 & 7. The gangs in different towns have not any regular connection, or organization ; but those who take up their winter quarters in the same city or town, appear to have some knowledge of the different routes each horde will pursue ; probably with a design to prevent interference.

“ 8. In the county of Herts, it is computed there may be sixty families, having many children. Whether they are quite so numerous in Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, and Northamptonshire, the answers are not sufficiently definite to determine. In Cambridgeshire, Oxfordshire, Warwickshire, Wiltshire, and Dorsetshire, greater numbers are calculated upon. In various counties, the attention has not been competent to the procuring data for any estimate of families or individuals.

“ More than half their number follow no business ; others are dealers in horses and asses ; farriers, smiths, tinkers, braziers, grinders of cutlery, basket-makers, chair-bottomers, and musicians.

“ 10 Children are brought up in the habits of their parents, particularly to music and dancing, and are of dissolute conduct.

“ 11. The women mostly carry baskets with trinkets and small wares ; and tell fortunes.

“ 12. Too ignorant to have acquired accounts of genealogy, and perhaps indisposed to it by the irregularity of their habits.

“ 13. In most counties there are particular situations to which they are partial. In Berkshire is a marsh, near Newbury, much frequented by them ; and Dr. Clarke states, that in Cambridgeshire, their principal rendezvous is near the western villages.

“ 14. It cannot be ascertained, whether from their first coming into the nation, attachment to particular places has prevailed.

“ 15, 16, & 17. When among strangers, they elude inquiries respecting their peculiar language, calling it gibberish. Don't know of any person that can write it, or of any written specimen of it.

“ 18. Their habits and customs in all places are peculiar.

“ 19. Those who profess any religion, represent it to be that of the country in which they reside : but their description of it seldom

goes beyond repeating the Lord's prayer; and only few of them are capable of that. Instances of their attending any place for worship are very rare.

"20. They marry for the most part by pledging to each other, without any ceremony. A few exceptions have occurred when money was plentiful.

"21. They do not teach their children religion.

"22 & 23. Not *one* in a *thousand* can read.

"24 & 25. Some go into lodgings in London, Cambridge, &c. during the winter; but it is calculated three-fourths of them live out of doors in winter as in summer."

We have not space enough to insert the more interesting and valuable reports from Scotland, which in general proceed from a class of men occupying high stations in the Scotch counties, viz. a number of the Scottish sheriffs. So different is the state of manners in the southern division of the island, that we fear very few of the high-sheriffs of England would feel themselves sufficiently interested to send any answer to questions put to them on such a subject.

In order to put an end to this mode of existence so productive of misery, the government may act by the application of penal and compulsive measures; individuals may, at the same time, apply the more agreeable offices of indulgence and kindness. A judicious mixture of these two expedients would probably be the most effectual. We do not see any objection to the bringing Gypsies under the observation of our provincial police, to the granting of licences to remain in spots assigned to them, and to the compelling them to let their children receive education, we mean in labour as well as letters. In such proceedings, we wish that the government would be content to play a secondary rather than a principal part. Our author, as we infer from one of the extracts, belongs to the society of Friends; and we certainly know nobody of men to whom humanity is so greatly and variously indebted in our own age. To the Quakers we principally owe the abolition of the slave trade, unquestionably the most glorious national act of our age and country: by Quakers was first reduced to method the adoption of the gentle, kind treatment of the insane: and whenever a national reform shall take place in the structure and economy of our lunatic hospitals, this reform will have its origin in the York retreat. By Quakers have the penal laws been mitigated in America, and a prison-discipline most happily carried into effect, which, it is to be hoped, will in a short

time be adopted in our country. The attempt to reclaim and amend the Gypsies will, we trust, be one in a series of noble, good, and successful actions.

ART. IV.—*The Life and Studies of Benjamin West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy of London, prior to his arrival in England; compiled from Materials furnished by Himself.* By JOHN GALT. London. Cadell and Davies, 1816. 8vo. Pp. 160.

THIS is one of the most entertaining works of the kind that has passed through our hands; it is full of anecdotes of the individual to whom it refers, and of descriptions of society and manners under very opposite circumstances. When we read the last page, we only lamented that the book had occupied so short a portion of our time. It is one of those productions which does not challenge criticism from the subject, or from the unpretending manner in which it is treated, but from it many characteristic and amusing extracts may be made.

When we consider how eminent Mr. West has been for about thirty years in this country as a historical painter, it seems surprising that so few authentic particulars of his early life should hitherto have been given to the public: the principal events in which he has been concerned since his arrival in England are indeed well known: the favourable auspices under which he first reached London—the patronage he soon afterwards received from the highest families of the realm, even from the throne itself—the pictures he painted, and the honours he acquired, need no detail; and the work in our hands is peculiarly interesting as supplying a chasm in the life of the President of the Royal Academy, and generally in the history of the art to which from his childhood he has been devoted. For ourselves, we confess that we are not among the most ardent admirers of Mr. West, considering either his genius for invention, or his talent for execution; and although a different estimate of his merits may add to or diminish the value of this small volume, as a record of studies and gradual proficiency, it cannot affect the pleasure to be derived from the particulars introduced, or the manner in which they are related. In the more essential respects, we take it for granted, that it may be viewed as a specimen of auto-biography; for if the materials were arranged by Mr. Galt (a gentleman not un-

known to the literary world), they were supplied by Mr. West; and even the observations accompanying the facts, are sometimes acknowledged to be those of the venerable President, and in other places where this admission is not made, they bear internal evidence that they could have flowed from no other source.

Benjamin West is the youngest of ten sons of John West and Sarah Pearson his wife, and was born near Springfield, Chester county, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the 10th October, 1738; he is consequently now in his 78th year. His parents and all his connections were Quakers, having adopted the tenets of that society shortly after the restoration of Charles II. Thomas Pearson, the maternal grandfather of Mr. West, was the confidential friend of the celebrated Wm. Penn; and with an ostentation not exactly according with the notions of that sect, the family of the Wests is traced to Lord Delawarre, who fought in the battle of Cressy, and in the descending line, to John Hampden, who fell in the field of Chalgrave. The parents of Mr. West lived on their plantation at Springfield, surrounded by a few friends of the same persuasion, in all the simplicity of their faith, seconded by the unavoidable deprivations of the remote situation in which they were placed. In the autumn of 1738, a celebrated orator among the Quakers, named Edmund Peckover, visited Springfield; and in the midst of an impressive and affecting sermon, Mrs. West was taken with the pains of labour, and was soon afterwards delivered of Benjamin, the subject of these memoirs. This extraordinary birth induced among the Quakers a belief that the child had some high destination, and it was confirmed by Peckover, who warned Mr. West to watch over his youngest son with the utmost anxiety. No doubt Mr. and Mrs. West looked out with great earnestness for the earliest indications of singular properties, attaching imaginary importance to the inarticulate lisps of infancy, probably expecting that he would be gifted with some great powers of eloquence, and that the doctors of their persuasion would learn lessons of wisdom from the prattle of his childhood; but in this respect they were disappointed. The first six years of Benjamin's life afforded nothing extraordinary; a circumstance, however, happened in his seventh, which fixed the future colour of his life. It is thus related:—

“ In the month of June, 1745, one of his sisters, who had been married some time before, and who had a daughter, came with her infant to spend a few days at her father's. When the child was

asleep in the cradle, Mrs. West invited her daughter to gather flowers in the garden, and committed the infant to the care of Benjamin during their absence; giving him a fan to flap away the flies from molesting his little charge. After some time the child happened to smile in its sleep, and its beauty attracted his attention. He looked at it with a pleasure which he had never before experienced, and observing some paper on a table, together with pens and red and black ink, he seized them with agitation, and endeavoured to delineate a portrait; although at this period he had never seen an engraving or a picture, and was only in the seventh year of his age.

"Hearing the approach of his mother and sister, he endeavoured to conceal what he had been doing; but the old lady observing his confusion, inquired what he was about, and requested him to shew her the paper. He obeyed, entreating her not to be angry. Mrs. West, after looking some time at the drawing with evident pleasure, said to her daughter, 'I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally,' and kissed him with much fondness and satisfaction. This encouraged him to say, that if it would give her any pleasure, he would make pictures of the flowers which she held in her hand; for the instinct of his genius was now awakened, and he felt that he could imitate the forms of those things which pleased his sight."

Mr. Galt follows this relation by some remarks upon the improbability that Pennsylvania at that time should produce a painter, because it did not appear to him that countries possessing noble scenery had always produced poets. He maintains that natural objects, however sublime, have no assignable influence upon any of the productions of genius; but without intending here to argue the question, we must observe that the analogy is not fair, because painting absolutely requires mechanical facilities not to be procured in countries in a comparative state of wildness, which poetry does not need, at least in the same degree; and if the Swiss are not poets, though surrounded by their magnificent prospects, it may fairly be attributed to many other causes besides the want of those associations which, according to Mr. Galt, are the result of cultivation, and the true source of excellence in that art. These mechanical facilities were happily afforded to young West, after the bent of his mind had been ascertained, or he never would have been able to go much beyond his first effort. Although in his childhood he had some difficulties to overcome, such as the procuring of colours, two of which, red and yellow, were given to him by the Indians, and one, blue, by his mother, and the manufacturing of brushes out of the fur of the family cat, yet,

considering the unfavourable circumstances under which he lived at Springfield, distant from any populous town, it would not be easy to find any instance of a young artist who had received more encouragement and assistance from his family and friends. In 1746, a Mr. Pennington, a relation of Mr. West, came to pay a visit at the house, and being pleased with the performances of the child, on his return to Philadelphia, he sent him all the principal materials, such as brushes, colours, prepared canvass, and six engravings by Grevling; so that Mr. West's natural inclination had free way; and instead of being thwarted by the compulsion of other and odious employments, he had every aid that circumstances would allow. Indeed, there never has been a time in the whole life of the subject of these memoirs when he received a single check either from the backwardness of friends, or a deficiency of pecuniary resources. The æra of the receipt of the box of colours is thus noticed:—

“He opened it, and in the colours, the oils, and the pencils, found all his wants supplied, even beyond his utmost conceptions. But who can describe the surprise with which he beheld the engravings; he who had never seen any picture but his own drawings, nor knew that such an art as the engraver's existed! He sat over the box with enamoured eyes; his mind was in a flutter of joy; and he could not refrain from constantly touching the different articles, to ascertain that they were real. At night he placed the box on a chair near his bed, and as often as he was overpowered by sleep, he started suddenly, and stretched out his hand to satisfy himself that the possession of such a treasure was not merely a pleasing dream. He rose at the dawn of day, and carried the box to a room in the garret, where he spread a canvass, prepared a pallet, and immediately began to imitate the figures in the engravings. Enchanted by his art, he forgot the school hours, and joined the family at dinner without mentioning the employment in which he had been engaged. In the afternoon he again retired to his study in the garret; and for several days successively he thus withdrew and devoted himself to painting. The schoolmaster, observing his absence, sent to ask the cause of it. Mrs. West, affecting not to take any particular notice of the message, recollected that she had seen Benjamin going up stairs every morning, and suspecting that the box occasioned his neglect of school, went to the garret, and found him employed on the picture. Her anger was appeased by the sight of his performance, and changed to a very different feeling. She saw, not a mere copy, but a composition from two of the engravings: with no other guide than that delicacy of sight which renders the painter's eye, with respect to colours, what the musician's ear is to sounds, he had formed a picture as complete, in the scientific arrangement of the tints, not-

withstanding the necessary imperfection of the pencilling, as the most skilful artist could have painted, assisted by the precepts of Newton. She kissed him with transports of affection, and assured him that she would not only intercede with his father to pardon him for having absented himself from school, but go herself to the master, and beg that he might not be punished. The delightful encouragement which this well-judged kindness afforded to the young painter may be easily imagined; but who will not regret that the mother's over-anxious admiration would not suffer him to finish the picture, lest he should spoil what was already in her opinion perfect; even with half the canvass bare? Sixty-seven years afterwards the writer of these memoirs had the gratification to see this piece in the same room with the sublime painting of 'Christ Rejected,' on which occasion the painter declared to him that there were inventive touches of art in his first and juvenile essay, which, with all his subsequent knowledge and experience, he had not been able to surpass."

A few months afterwards Mr. Pennington carried his young relation to Philadelphia, where he introduced him to a painter of the name of Williams, who lent to Benjamin, the works of Richardson and Fresnoy, being much pleased with his proficiency and talents. Inspired by these writers with a devotion to his art, and having been provided with all needful materials, he pursued it with fresh zeal on his return to Springfield; all the families in that vicinity are represented as looking up to him with hopeful admiration; and Benjamin being invited to spend some time at the house of a Mr. Flower, who had an English governess for his children, that lady put into his hands such parts of the ancient historians and poets as were calculated to afford him worthy subjects for his pencil. The simplicity of his education, and his assiduousness in drawing and designing, had hitherto only allowed him to become acquainted with his Bible, and he now for the first time, heard with admiration, the stories of the heroes of Greece and Rome. At the suggestion of a Mr. Wm. Henry, young West soon afterwards painted his first historical piece, the Death of Socrates, introducing a naked figure of a slave from life. The celebrity of this performance introduced West to the acquaintance of Dr. Smith, Provost of the College of Philadelphia, who made him known to several young men of talents under his care, most of whom suffered in some way or other during the American war. Dr. Smith regarded young West as destined for a painter, and without imposing upon him the usual routine of grammatical exercises, he directed his attention princi-

pally to the study of ancient history. While his education was in this train, he was taken ill, and being confined to his bed and his room darkened, he made a singular discovery of the *Camera Obscura* through the crevices of his window shutters, aided by a protuberant knot in the glass. He was some time afterwards surprised to find that his invention, which to a certain extent he perfected, had been anticipated in Europe.

Benjamin West had attained his sixteenth year, when his father began to entertain some scruples, supported by the opinions and animadversions of his friends, that he ought to fix his son in a useful trade, instead of permitting him to pursue an occupation adverse to the tenets of the society of Quakers. The question was deemed of so much importance, that a meeting of the friends in the neighbourhood of Springfield was called to deliberate upon the point whether Benjamin ought to be allowed still to follow the bias he had hitherto obeyed. The following is given as a sketch of the singular proceeding on this occasion:—

“The assembly met in the Meeting-house near Springfield, and after much debate, approaching to altercation, a man of the name of John Williamson rose, and delivered a very extraordinary speech upon the subject. He was much respected by all present for the purity and integrity of his life, and enjoyed great influence in his sphere on account of the superiority of his natural wisdom, and as a public preacher among the Friends, possessed an astonishing gift of convincing eloquence. He pointed to old Mr. West and his wife, and expatiated on the blameless reputation which they had so long maintained, and merited so well. ‘They have had,’ said he, ‘ten children, whom they have carefully brought up in the fear of God, and in the Christian religion; and the youth whose lot in life we are now convened to consider, is Benjamin, their youngest child. It is known to you all that God is pleased, from time to time, to bestow upon some men extraordinary gifts of mind, and you need not be told by how wonderful an inspiration their son has been led to cultivate the art of painting. It is true that our tenets deny the utility of that art to mankind. But God has bestowed on the youth a genius for the art, and can we believe that Omniscience bestows His gifts but for great purposes? What God has given, who shall dare to throw away? Let us not estimate Almighty wisdom by our notions: let us not presume to arraign His judgment by our ignorance; but in the evident propensity of the young man, be assured that we see an impulse of the Divine hand operating towards some high and beneficent end.’

“The effect of this argument, and the lofty commanding manner in which it was delivered, induced the assembly to agree that the

artist should be allowed to indulge the predilections of his genius; and a private meeting of the Friends was appointed to be holden at his father's house, at which the youth himself was requested to be present, in order to receive in form the assent and blessing of the society. On the day of meeting, the great room was put in order, and a numerous company of both sexes assembled. Benjamin was placed by his father, and the men and women took their respective forms on each side. After sitting some time in silence, one of the women rose and addressed the meeting on the wisdom of God, and the various occasions on which He selected from among His creatures the agents of His goodness. When she had concluded her exhortation, John Williamson also rose, and in a speech than which perhaps the porticos of Athens never resounded with a more impressive oratory, he resumed the topic which had been the subject of his former address."

To this succeeds the address of John Williamson, in which he is represented as dilating upon the main topic to which he had before adverted; it is full of the good sense that generally distinguishes the body to which he belonged, but we cannot join in the very high encomiums pronounced by Mr. West upon his eloquence. We do not know exactly what record was preserved of the speech, which purports to be given exactly as it was delivered; no doubt it was deeply impressed upon the mind of the young man who was the subject of it, and probably he took care to register this solemn sanction to his future pursuit. Mr. Galt adds,

"At the conclusion of this address, the women rose and kissed the young artist, and the men, one by one, laid their hands on his head, and prayed that the Lord might verify in his life the value of the gift which had induced them, in despite of their religious tenets, to allow him to cultivate the faculties of his genius.

"The history of no other individual affords an incident so extraordinary. This could not be called a presentiment, but the result of a clear expectation, that some important consequence would ensue. It may be added, that a more beautiful instance of liberality is not to be found in the records of any religious society. Hitherto all sects, even of Christians, were disposed to regard, with jealousy and hatred, all those members who embraced any pursuit that might tend to alienate them from their particular modes of discipline. The Quakers have, therefore, the honour of having been the first to allow, by a public act, that their conception of the religious duties of man was liable to the errors of the human judgment, and was not to be maintained on the presumption of being actually according to the will of God. There is something at once simple and venerable in the humility with which they regarded their own peculiar principles, especially contrasted with the sublime view they appeared to take of the wisdom and providence of the Deity. But, with whatever de-

lightful feelings strangers and posterity may contemplate this beautiful example of Christian magnanimity, it would be impossible to convey any idea of the sentiments with which it affected the youth who was the object of its exercise. He must have been less than man had he not endeavoured without ceasing, to attain an honourable eminence in his profession; or had he forgotten, in the honours which he has since received from all polished nations, that he was authorized by his friends and his religion, to cultivate the art by which he obtained such distinctions, not for his own sake, but as an instrument chosen by Providence to disseminate the arts of peace in the world."

Some persons may think that these reflections savour too much of arrogance. Young West soon afterwards went to Lancaster, and there was placed at the head of some young volunteers who embodied themselves for the assertion of the independence of America. He did not long continue his military career, though he had an opportunity of seeing service, and of aiding in the discovery of the bones of the army of the unfortunate Bradock; this scene is described with much poetical power, probably by the individual who witnessed it. "As they explored the labyrinths of those bewildering forests," says the writer, "their hearts were often melted with inexpressible sorrow; for they frequently found skeletons lying across the trunks of fallen trees, a mournful proof to their imaginations that the men who sat there had perished with hunger, in vainly attempting to find their way to the plantations. Sometimes their feelings were raised to the utmost pitch of horror by the sight of skulls and bones scattered on the ground—a certain indication that the bodies had been devoured by wild beasts; and in other places they saw the blackness of ashes amidst the relics—the tremendous evidence of atrocious rites."

After executing this duty, Mr. West repaired to Philadelphia, where he practised portrait painting at two guineas for a head, and three guineas for a half length; but in consequence of making a happy copy from a picture of the Murillo school, his ambition rose to attempting what is called characteristic painting, in which he was very successful, with the assistance of his old friend Dr. Smith. No long period elapsed before he executed a historical piece of the Trial of Susannah for a Mr. Cox, which was greatly admired. In New York, to which he next proceeded, the money-getting spirit prevailed to such an extent, as to preclude in a great degree the patronage of the arts; but here he saw several fine Flemish pictures, studied them,

and copied the Belisarius of Salvator Rosa from Strange's engraving.

In the last two or three years, Mr. West had been able to collect a considerable sum of money; and in 1760, he carried into execution one great object of his exertions—he embarked for Italy on board an American ship laden with flour. This is the most important epoch of his life; he landed after a favourable passage in that country which, since the revival of letters, has been the model of the world in nearly all that is excellent of poetry and painting. The reflections of Mr. West when he came in sight of Rome are worth extracting.

“When the travellers had reached the last stage of their journey, while their horses were baiting, West walked on alone. It was a beautiful morning; the air was perfectly placid, not a speck of vapour in the sky, and a profound tranquillity seemed almost sensibly diffused over the landscape. The appearance of Nature was calculated to lighten and elevate the spirits; but the general silence and nakedness of the scene touched the feelings with solemnity approaching to awe. Filled with the idea of the metropolitan city, the artist hastened forward till he reached an elevated part of the high road, which afforded him a view of a spacious champaign country, bounded by hills, and in the midst of it the sublime dome of St. Peter's. The magnificence of this view of the Campagna, excited in his imagination an agitated train of reflections that partook more of the nature of feeling than of thought. He looked for a spot to rest on, that he might contemplate at leisure a scene at once so noble and so interesting; and, near a pile of ruins fringed and trellised with ivy, he saw a stone that appeared to be part of a column. On going towards it, he perceived that it was a mile-stone, and that he was then only eight miles from the Capitol. In looking before him, where every object seemed by the transparency of the Italian atmosphere to be brought nearer than it was in reality, he could not but reflect on the contrast between the circumstances of that view and the scenery of America; and his thoughts naturally adverted to the progress of civilization. The sun seemed, to his fancy, the image of truth and knowledge, arising in the east, continuing to illuminate and adorn the whole earth, and withdrawing from the eyes of the old world to enlighten the uncultivated regions of the new. He thought of that remote antiquity when the site of Rome itself was covered with unexplored forests: and passing with a rapid reminiscence over the eventful story, he was touched with sorrow at the solitude of decay with which she appeared to be environed, till he adverted to the condition of his native country, and was cheered by the thought of the greatness which even the fate of Rome seemed to assure to America. For he reflected that, although the progress of

knowledge appeared to intimate that there was some great cycle in human affairs, and that the procession of the arts and sciences from the east to the west, demonstrated their course to be neither stationary nor retrograde; he could not but rejoice in contemplating the skeleton of the mighty capital before him, that they had improved as they advanced, and that the splendor which would precede their setting on the shores of Europe, would be the gorgeous omen of the glory which they would attain in their passage over America.

"While he was rapt in these reflections, he heard the drowsy tinkle of a pastoral bell behind him, and on turning round, he saw a peasant dressed in shaggy skins, driving a few goats from the ruins. The appearance and physiognomy of this peasant struck him as something more wild and ferocious than any thing about the Indians; and perhaps the observation was correctly philosophical. In the Indian, nature is seen in that primitive vigour and simplicity in which the actions are regulated by those feelings that are the elements of the virtues; but in the Italian bandit, for such he had reason afterwards to think was the real character of the goat-herd, he saw man in that second state of barbarity, in which his actions are instigated by wants that have often a vicious origin."

He reached the metropolis of the ancient world on the 10th July, and immediately became acquainted with Lord Grantham, then Mr. Robinson, who lodged at the same hotel. By that nobleman he was introduced to Cardinal Albani, who, though quite blind, by the delicacy of his touch supplied the deficiency of sight so well as to excel all the virtuosi of Italy in his judgment of the smallest medals and intaglios. The Cardinal admired the shape of West's head, and a meeting was appointed on the next day to shew the young uncultivated American Quaker the beautiful relics of Grecian sculpture. We copy the account of what then passed; it is one of the few anecdotes that have been before made public by Mr. West himself in his lectures at the Royal Academy, almost in the same words.

"At the hour appointed the company assembled; and a procession, consisting of upwards of thirty of the most magnificent equipages in the capital of Christendom, and filled with some of the most erudite characters in Europe, conducted the young Quaker to view the master-pieces of art. It was agreed that the Apollo should be first submitted to his view, because it was the most perfect work among all the ornaments of Rome, and consequently the best calculated to produce that effect which the company were anxious to witness. The statue then stood in a case, enclosed with doors, which could be so opened as to disclose it at once to full view. West was placed in the situation where it was seen to the most advantage, and

the spectators arranged themselves on each side. When the keeper threw open the doors, the artist felt himself surprised with a sudden recollection altogether different from the gratification which he had expected; and without being aware of the force of what he said, exclaimed, 'My God, how like it is to a young Mohawk warrior!'—The Italians, observing his surprise, and hearing the exclamation, requested Mr. Robinson to translate to them what he said; and they were excessively mortified to find that the god of their idolatry was compared to a savage. Mr. Robinson mentioned to West their chagrin, and asked him to give some more distinct explanation, by informing him what sort of people the Mohawk Indians were. He described to him their education; their dexterity with the bow and arrow; the admirable elasticity of their limbs; and how much their active life expands the chest, while the quick breathing of their speed in the chase, dilates the nostrils with that apparent consciousness of vigour which is so nobly depicted in the Apollo. 'I have seen them often, added he, 'standing in that very attitude, and pursuing, with an intense eye, the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow.'—This descriptive explanation did not lose by Mr. Robinson's translation. The Italians were delighted, and allowed that a better criticism had rarely been pronounced on the merits of the statue. The view of the other great works did not awaken the same vivid feelings. Those of Raphael in the Vatican, did not at first particularly interest him; nor was it till he had often visited them alone, and studied them by himself, that he could appreciate the fulness of their excellence. His first view of the works of Michael Angelo was still less satisfactory: indeed he continued always to think, that, with the single exception of the Moses, that artist had not succeeded in giving a probable character to any of his subjects, notwithstanding the masterly hand and mind which pervade the weakest of his productions."

With regard to the principal feature of this extract we must observe, that the comparison of the finest model of a god-like form to the figure of a savage, is at the first mention very revolting; and though Mr. West, by the plausible mode in which he carries it out, seems to remove some obvious objections, he cannot do them away entirely. We know that scientific individuals, to whom Mr. West would himself bow with submission, have held that this anecdote shewed, that the person to whom it refers possessed a mind not only uncultivated, but little susceptible of grand and beautiful impressions: they assert, that the anatomy of the savage, in all important respects, widely differs from that of the God—that from constant exercise in hunting, the lower extremities of the former invariably are thick and clumsy, while those of the latter, if possible, are

too delicate for the upper part of the figure—that the shoulders of the savage, from the nature of his employments, are heavy and stooping, and his chest rather contracted than expanded, while the Apollo is erect, broad, and open: between the countenances of the one and the other, it is obvious that there could not have been the slightest resemblance. The fact probably was, that Mr. West had seen some American Indians shoot with bow and arrow, and making the discovery that the Apollo Belvidere was in the attitude of one who had just discharged a dart, he went no further before he made his unreflecting observation. We cannot help doubting the fact of the delight of the auditors of Mr. West's criticism, though they might be pleased with the ingenuity with which he is represented to have supported his novel position.

One of Mr. West's most intimate and kind friends (though they seem to have been all intimate and kind) was a Mr. Crespignè, whose portrait he painted while the celebrated Mengs was in Rome. At a party the picture was exposed in one of Mr. Crespignè's rooms, and the whole company attributed the work to Mengs himself, with improvements in his colouring. The real author was however soon pointed out, and received the gratulations of the connaisseurs, among whom was Mengs himself, who told West that he need no longer study the mechanical branch of his art in Rome, for of colour he was already master; but he recommended him to travel to Florence, Parma, Venice, &c. to learn the different styles of the great masters of Italy, and to improve himself in drawing. Soon afterwards Mr. West was attacked by a fever, which left behind it for some time a painful affection of the ankle; in the mean time his success in Italy reached the ears of his friends in America, and Mr. Hamilton, governor of Pennsylvania, and a Mr. Allen, agreed, with a liberality never excelled by the noblest patrons of art, to bear all the charge of the young man's studies in Italy. During his progress through the different galleries, no pictures gave our artist equal delight to those of Titian: some observations upon the mode of colouring by that great painter are introduced into this work, but we lament that no criticisms are given upon the productions of any other masters of the various Italian schools, while much time is wasted in conjectures upon the resemblance between the figures on an Egyptian obelisk and the hieroglyphics on the Wabum Belts of the North American Indians. After

some reflections upon the character of those wild tribes, the following singular story is related :—

“ Before Mr. West left America, an attempt was made to educate three young Indians at New York ; and their progress, notwithstanding that they still retained something of their original wildness of character, exceeded the utmost expectations of those who were interested in the experiment. Two of them, however, in the end returned to their tribe, but they were rendered miserable by the contempt with which they were received ; and the brother of the one who remained behind, was so affected with their degradation, that he came to the city determined to redeem his brother from the thralldom of civilization. On his arrival, he found he had become an actor, and was fast rising into celebrity on the stage. On learning this circumstance, the resolute Indian went to the theatre, and seated himself in the pit. The moment that his brother appeared, he leapt upon the stage, and drawing his knife, threatened to sacrifice him on the spot, unless he would immediately strip himself naked, and return with him to their home in the woods. He upbraided him with the meanness of his disposition, in consenting to make himself a slave. He demanded if he had forgotten that the Great Spirit had planted the Indian corn for their use, and filled the forests with game, the air with birds, and the waters with fish, that they might be free. He represented the institutions of civilized society as calculated to make him dependant on the labour of others, and subject to every chance that might interrupt their disposition to supply his wants. The actor obeyed his brother, and returning to the woods, was never seen again in the town.”

How long Mr. West continued in Italy does not exactly appear ; but for about eleven months he was confined by illness, and the rest of his time was chiefly employed in studying old, and not in painting new pictures, with the exception of two or three. The last town in Italy he visited was Turin, from whence he proceeded to Paris on his way to England, passing through the dominions of the King of Sardinia. Our concluding extract shall be the opinion of the President of the Royal Academy upon the state of the arts in France at that time.

“ Mr. West, however, continued long enough to be satisfied that the true feeling for the fine arts did not exist among the French to that degree which he had observed in Italy. On the contrary, it seemed to him that there was an inherent affectation in the general style of art among them, which demonstrated, not only a deficiency of native sensibility, but an anxious endeavour to conceal that defect. The characteristics of the French school, and they have not yet been redeemed by the introduction of any better manner, might, to a cur-

sory observer, appear to have arisen from a corrupted taste, while, in fact, they are the consequences only of that inordinate national vanity which, in so many different ways, has retarded the prosperity of the world. In the opinion of a Frenchman, there is a quality of excellence in every thing belonging to France, merely because it is French, which gives at all times a certain degree of superiority to the actions and productions of his countrymen; and this delusive notion has infested not only the literature and the politics of the nation, but also the principles of art, to such a deep and inveterate extent, that the morality of painting is not yet either felt or understood in that country. In the mechanical execution, in drawing, and in the arrangement of parts, the great French painters are probably equal to the Italians; but in producing any other sentiment in the spectator than that of admiration at their mechanical skill, they are greatly behind the English."

We doubt the truth even of this last remark, and we may appeal to all who have had an opportunity of seeing any modern paintings by the artists of France, and we attribute the compliment to their execution, not to a conviction of its truth, but to a habitual and somewhat overstrained anxiety in Mr. West to displease nobody: even the severity of the remarks just preceding the last, are a few sentences farther on, softened down by an observation, that they are rather to be assigned to Mr. Galt than to himself; for "the respect which Mr. West has always entertained towards the different members of his own profession, never allows him to express himself in any terms that might possibly be construed by malice or by ignorance to imply any thing derogatory to a class which he naturally considers among the teachers of mankind." Surely this is below the dignity of one of the most eminent of those "teachers of mankind:" he who is best able to judge and instruct, is to be restrained from pointing out defects of contemporary artists, from a paltry fear lest he should give offence.

This fear of giving offence is carried throughout the book; from beginning to end, not one individual is mentioned without his dole of applause; it has even extended to Mr. West, who, unwilling to give offence to himself, has not introduced a single anecdote to his discredit. We are far from asserting that they are numerous, perhaps extremely few; but the interest of the work is diminished by this cautious abstinence from the slightest mention of errors either in conduct or opinion. Mr. West's religious principles would certainly lead to simplicity and purity of demeanour; but it has, perhaps, led also to too great submis-

sion, and to an anxiety to keep well with all parties. A young patronized artist has to go through a bad school undoubtedly; but when he has gained deserved eminence in his profession, let him re-assert that independence which may have been too long in abeyance.

ART. V.—*Essai sur la Literature Espagnol.* A Paris, chez Charles Barrois. 8vo. Pp. 193.

(Concluded from page 457.)

BEFORE we enter with our author into what he denominates the golden age of Spanish literature, to ascertain its just pretensions, it may be convenient to examine the situation of the country at that period. First, we will inquire into its political circumstances, to form some judgment of the impulse that might be expected on the human mind from exterior causes; for it has been justly remarked, that the compositions of Virgil and Horace, with some of their contemporaries, were in proportion with the beauty and majesty of the empire in which they were produced; and if Lucan were inferior to his precursors, he still preserved that boldness and dignity which were suited to his subject, and a portion of that ardour and enthusiasm which yet remained with his compatriots. What was the state of Spain? The Arabs had just been driven from the territory; the expedition of Columbus had thrown open a new world to Spanish enterprize; the navies of that nation traversed in triumph either hemisphere, and sustained and protected the wealth of both: the power of the Ottoman was contracted within the waters of the Levant; the kingdom of Portugal was united to her more powerful neighbour with all her conquests, and the heroism of the Spaniard was displayed from the rising to the setting sun. What condition could be apparently more favourable to literature and science?

But there were many obstructions to the progress of intellect, which a little attention to local matters will explain, and which the writers, under the regret they felt for the deficiencies of their country, have not neglected to detail. In Spain there was no communication between men of talent, there was no common point in which the rays of their genius could concentrate. The universities of the kingdom were involved in theological disputes and scholastic subtleties, instead of being applied to science and literature. The Court, which is the most abundant garden in

the flowers of erudition, was itinerant under the Fifth Charles, and melancholy under the Second Philip; so that it was not until the time of his successor, at the close of the 16th century, that the poetical talent in Spain arrived at any state approaching to perfection. Even then its triumph was short, for before the termination of the same reign (in 1641), it began to disappear, and seemed to be wholly extinct in the following. What may not the mind of man accomplish at the courts of Augustus, Leo the Xth, and Lewis XIVth, or under the fostering protection of the Princes of Ferrara?

Another cause of the deficiency of taste and learning in Spain was, that such attainments were rather matter of occasional amusement than of pursuit as a profession. In the former case, it is almost impossible to be attended with great success; for however apparently easy compositions in which these may be combined may appear to the reader, they require in the writer the utmost exertion of mental action and power. It is true, that something besides patient labour is required to form a Sophocles, a Tasso, or a Racine; but without intense application, they would never have been distinguished as great poets.

We have not yet concluded with the impediments of which the intelligent Spaniards have complained as retarding the literary improvement of their countrymen. Very few of their best authors published their works with the ultimate corrections they required: the productions of Garcilaso, of Luis de Leon, of Francisco de la Torre, of the Argensolas, of Quevedo, and many others, are posthumous, committed often to mercenary and ignorant relatives, who contemplated not the fame they would procure, but the money they would acquire.

We shall, in the last place, notice one obstruction to literary eminence on which these native complainants are silent, and which has been of more pernicious influence than all the other disadvantages collectively—we mean the Inquisition. Any resistance to the Holy Office is never forgiven: the illustrious historian Mariana, a monk and a jesuit, was a prisoner for the freedom with which he avowed his opinions. It is impossible to describe the powerful effect of such an institution in congealing and palsying the faculties of the mind. If its victims were not daily sacrificed on the scaffolds or starved in the dungeons, every hour it was employed in excluding the light by which it would be exposed, and preserving that darkness in which alone it could

be maintained. How was the interference of this tribunal conducted? Before a new work could be printed, it was to be examined at least by three censors; and having escaped this ordeal, it was suffered to make its appearance. The Index of prohibited books consists of two large folio volumes, and the greater part of the ancient classics are comprehended in them; even a considerable number of those in the royal library at Madrid, which we visited in early life, are defamed by the inscription "*Auctor Damnatus*," written in large characters on the first page, that the incautious reader may not be deceived: and we are told that the library of the Dominicans, which is one of the best and most extensive in Spain, is exclusively composed of the productions of these *Auctores Dammati*. In exact proportion with the liberality of mind and strength of intellect of a writer, was the malice of this fraternity towards him, and every expedient was to be resorted to, to suppress the generous emotions of his heart, and to prevent the contagion of his talents. Thus the human mind was oppressed and degraded, all the noble affections were checked, every thing bold and manly in thought was discouraged; and Spain, which held the highest rank amongst the polished and enlightened countries of Europe, since the establishment of the Inquisition, has descended into obscurity and humiliation.

Loyola, the founder of the order of the Jesuits, was yet a child when Spain began to feel her mental power, and he was engaged in her service as a soldier when that power was eminently displayed. The period to which we are now to attend, is called by our author the "*Third Epoch of Spanish Literature*," and it involves the whole of the 16th century, from Boscan Almogaver, to Quevedo de Villegas. To the first of these, Spain is indebted for much of the elegance, comprehension, and flexibility of the language; and he relates the following simple and natural account of the circumstances that led him to give his studies that direction.

"At the city of Grenada, being one day in company with Navagero, the Venetian Ambassador, we fell into conversation on the subject of the *Belles Lettres*, and particularly the nature of language, and the variety of which it was capable. During the dialogue, he asked me why I would not endeavour to familiarize my own tongue with the sonnet, and some other forms of versification frequent in the Italian? at the same time, strongly urging me to make the attempt. A few days afterwards I returned home, and during the journey, which I pursued in silence and solitude, the recommendation of Na-

vagero so often recurred, that I made an effort at that sort of composition. At first I had great difficulty, on account of the contrivance required, and the unmanageable character of the materials I had to employ; but I soon began to think that I should succeed, and my ardour increased as my hopes were excited. I acknowledge, however, that the fatigue of this new undertaking would have overcome my perseverance, had I not been encouraged by Garcilaso, whose counsel is calculated not only to regulate my own opinion, but that of all the world."

Although this writer was principally instrumental in adopting the Italian forms of versification, yet it is not true, as our essayist seems to suppose, that specimens of the like kind had not before been produced: we have some by the Conde de Lucanor, in the 14th century, and numerous sonnets in the following, by the Marquis de Santillana.

Garcilaso de la Vega was the grandson of the celebrated historian Hernan Perez de Guzman. He also shared with his friend Boscan the honour of introducing the metre of Petrarch. His eclogues abound in interest, and his elegies in that sweetness and harmony, of which Tibullus is the model.

The novelties adapted to the language by these companions in study, immediately awakened a host of enemies. The friends were charged with a dangerous and innovating spirit, and with the abandonment of the genuine character of Spanish poetry, and they were cited as criminals before the tribunal of literature. The most violent of their opponents was Castillejo, who called them Petrarquistas, and compared their poetical heresy to the religious heresy of Martin Luther. This enraged declaimer was no competent judge of the merits of Boscan and Garcilaso; he wrote his native tongue with ease, grace, and purity, but he was wholly destitute of genius, invention, imagery, lofty conception, and that lively sensibility which are all necessary to constitute a great poet. Garcilaso received the titular distinction of the Prince of Poets, which strictly, perhaps, he did not deserve; but if he had not the highest rank, he is considered to be the most classical, and to have attracted the greatest notice; his reputation has been maintained with no interval of depression, and will probably continue unimpaired as long as any relish for Spanish poetry shall be preserved.

To the same time must be referred Hernando de Acuña, Gatierra de Cetina, Luis de Haro, and Diego de Mendoza,

the last of which only is mentioned by our author. Luis de Leon is spoken of with the respect he deserves; he was skilled in the learned languages, was connected with all the men of talent of his time; to him the Castilian tongue was indebted for much of its force and accuracy, and he gave to its poetry a new feature. Garcilaso, it is true, exhibited one solitary example of the lyric style in his *Flor de Gnido*; but it was brought to perfection only by Leon, who had studied and admired all the graces and beauties of Horace.

Francisco de la Torre is one of those who is undeservedly excluded from this essay: his works were published by Quevedo in 1631, to whom they were erroneously attributed, and with whose productions they have been included as if he were the author. He never did, and never could compose the lines in the following ode:—

“ Sale de la sagrada
Cipro la soberana ninfa Flora
Vestida y adornada
Del color de la Aurora
Con que pinta la tierra, el cielo
dora.

“ De la nevada, y llana
Frente del levantado monte ar-
roja
La cabellera cana
Del viejo invierno, y moja
El nuevo fruto en esperanza y
hoja.

“ Deslizasse corriendo
Por los hermosos marmoles de
Paro,
Las alturas huyendo,
Un arroyelo claro
De la cuesta beldad del valle
amparo.

“ Corre branando y salta
Y codiciosamente procurando
Adelantarse, esmalta
De plata el cristal blando
Con la espuma que cuaxa golpe-
ando.

The Spaniards, we have seen, are fond of epithets, and on Fernan de Herrera was conferred that of “*El Divino*.” He composed elegies and sonnets, and is remarkable for the purity of his style, and his judicious imitation of the ancients. Gil Polo is the celebrated author of the *Diana Enamorada*. At the commencement of the period to which we are referring, Montemayor had introduced into Spain a taste for pastoral poetry, and had produced a fragment under the title resumed by Polo, which many had attempted to complete, but none before successfully. It will be recollected, that in the humorous and instructive scrutiny of the books at the commencement of *Don Quixote*, the Priest, punning upon the name of the author of this work, says, “*La (Diana) de Gil Polo se guarde como si fuera del mismo Apolo.*”

Many songs and eclogues in the different metres to which the Spanish language is adapted, are incorporated with the

work, which is the more valuable, as it preserves the names of a great number of Provençal Troubadours, who would otherwise have been neglected and forgotten.

Manuel Estevan de Villegas, is honoured with the title of the Anacreon of Spain; but he is not, as our author supposes, the founder, he is merely the restorer of this species of composition. The appellation he derived from the spirit and character of his odes, intituled "*Las Delicias.*" He enriched the poetry of his nation with much of the variety of the Greek and Latin forms. In his epistles and satires, he discovers all the freedom of his genius, the accuracy of his criticism, and the extent of his erudition. Juan de la Cueva produced some theatrical pieces, with much of the style and grace of the Lyric Bard, of Rome. "*Las Lagrimas de Angelica*" was from the pen of Barrahora de Soto, which is complimented also in Don Quixote, and in the following terms. "*Llorarâlas dixo el Cura, en oyendo el nombre, si tal libro huviera mandado quemar, porque su antor fué uno de los famosos poëtas del mundo no solo de Espana, y fué felicissimo en la traduccion de algunas fabulas de Ovidio.*"*

Not to be too prolix, we shall pass over Vicente Espinel, who in his *Casa de la Memoria*, recorded in beautiful verse, the fame of the great poets of his country; Jauregui, the pure and correct, who was distinguished by his admirable translations; and Luis de Ulloa, the author of *La Raquel*, with many others: but Alonzo de Ercilla y Zuniga must not be unnoticed. He had the credit of adorning the literature of Spain with the first epic poem, and it originated in very extraordinary circumstances. Having attended Philip the Second to England, he was there informed of the war which had broken out in Chili, between the Spaniards and Aracuanos. His young breast was fired with the love of military glory, and he engaged in the remote expedition to the New World, where he joined the ranks of his compatriots; among them he served with honour during the period of seven years; in the interval of the duties and fatigues of battle, narrating the events, and having returned to Spain at some time between the years 1578 and 1590, he published a poetical history of that war, under the title of

* I should weep for the tears of Angelica, if such a book had been ordered to be burned, for its author was one of the famous poets of the world, and not merely of Spain: he besides translated, in the happiest manner, some of the fictions of Ovid.

the *Aracuana*. It is in thirty-seven distinct cantos, and like the *Jerusalem* of Tasso, in octaves. The merit of the production consists in the energy of the thoughts, the interest of the details, and the dexterity of the versification, which is both elegant and nervous. The work was approved and admired by the correct judgment and exquisite taste of Cervantes.

Francisco de Borja, Prince of Esquillache, found leisure, notwithstanding his political duties as Viceroy of Peru, to write some odes and epistles of merit. The Count of Rebolledo, although a general and ambassador, translated the *Psalms* in a style of remarkable majesty; and he also wrote *La Salva Sagrada*, *La Salva Danica*, and *La Salva Militar y Politica*. Quevedo, who for many years was the victim of intrigue, was a voluminous writer, and excelled in gallant and satirical compositions; and he has been compared with Butler, Swift, and the French *Rabelais*. Saavedra was the author of the *Republica Literaria*, a work full of judicious observations on the writers of his age. To Guevara we are indebted for the *Diablo Coxuelo*, so well known to our neighbours, under the name of *Le Diable Boiteux*, and to ourselves, under that of the *Devil upon Two Sticks*.

We shall now conclude our account of this brilliant epoch of Spanish Literature, with little more than the bare mention of the name of Miguel de Cervantes, so well known in this country, and throughout the civilized world, as the author of *Don Quixote*. Nothing more need be said of this production, than that it is a perfect composition of its kind, and that it will be always ranked among the most splendid monuments of human genius and power. In his novels, his comedies, and interludes, and his minor pieces, he has always shewn the justness of his taste, and the liveliness of his imagination; and his *Viage del Parnaso* is particularly valuable, on account of the information it contains of the poets of his own time, and his opinion of their comparative merit.

The 17th and 18th centuries comprehend the fourth epoch, or the decline of literature; and at this period we find that Spain, which had closely imitated the Italian schools, partook of the unfortunate revolution of taste and learning in that country. Marini and his followers substituted the tortuosity of artifice for the manly simplicity of nature, and the *Treatise de Aguzeda e Arte de Ingenio* of Lorenzo Gracian is full of mistakes as to the genuine principles of composition.

But the man who was most richly gifted by nature to form a great poet, and who most ungratefully abused her liberality, was undoubtedly Lope de Vega. He was capable of writing his native language with precision, elegance, and purity; he possessed extensive powers of invention and of description; he was happy in the most accommodating flexibility of imagination, and was enabled to adapt himself to all the forms of poetic exhibition; his imagery was never deficient, and his memory was abundantly stored by extensive reading and laborious and indefatigable application. With such weapons to humble his antagonists, did this extraordinary genius enter the lists, and setting no limits to his designs, and no bounds to his ambition, madrigal, ode, eclogue, drama, epic, every flower he gathered only for decay.

When he appeared he rivetted the public attention; and as the stars before the sun, his contemporaries withdrew into obscurity. In all matters of taste his decision was final, his applause was success, his censure disappointment; he was followed every where as the wonder of the age. Critics, who presumed to distinguish his aberrations, were thought envious of his abilities, and calumniators of his fame; but whether urged by detraction, or impelled by justice to this literary hostility, none could deprive him of the sceptre he grasped, or derogate from the reputation he had acquired.

What has become, after the lapse of ages, of all this parade, and of all this renown? Of the multitude of poems he wrote, rarely one is to be found that does not wound the ear of taste; and the Jerusalem, his work, the most laboured and the most approved, abounds in absurdities, and the little excellence that appears in some parts of it, only serves to shew more conspicuously the misapplication of his capacity elsewhere. Of his numerous comedies scarcely one is tolerable; and of the thousands of his verses few would be preserved as specimens, equally of accuracy of judgment, and felicity of imagination. Where then shall we trace even the fragments and ruins of that temple of glory, raised in honour of this favoured individual, by the age in which he lived?

It was utterly impossible that any other consequence could have been produced from works finished with so much haste, and prepared with such a total disregard of all the best principles, and best models of composition; without study, without plan, and without attention to the laws

of probability. The habit of writing with rapidity for the stage, where novelties were daily expected from his hands, relaxed and deranged the whole system of his mind, and the vice he thus contracted, infected all his other writings. Excepting a few short pieces when the enthusiasm of the moment prevailed over his infirmities, all are crowded with unpardonable defects. The facility of composing banished all attempt at superior excellence, and was fatal to his credit as an author; perspicuity, rythmus, refinement, and delicacy, were surrendered, and his exuberance and strength were applied in unnatural figures, pedantic descriptions, with cold, prolix, and trite explanations, which disgraced the rich vein of his fancy, and the ease and fluidity of his versification.

It may be said, that it was a barbarous age that would admit of such extravagancies. It was rather a good natured than a ferocious age. There lived at the same time many superior authors who deplored this literary retrogradation; but they could not stem the torrent with which the multitude was borne down, and to which the commanding powers of Lope gave an irresistible impulse.

Among the corrupters of Spanish literature were the Salazares, Candamos, and Zamoras; and we are extremely concerned to add Calderon, on account of the merit he, in other respects, possessed. These violaters of the national taste had the vanity to denominate themselves *Cultos*, or adorned and refined. The following specimens from Luis de Gongora, Count of Villamena, who received the epithet of the Admirable, will be sufficient to shew the feebleness, poverty, and affectation of this period. In the first, titles, taken from the terms of heraldry, are given to a river.

“ Mançanares, Mançanares
Os que en todo aguatismo
Estoy duque de arroyos
Y visconde de los rios.”

In the next, the sea is made to weep from envy, and to pour forth its briny tears upon the earth, under extraordinary circumstances.

“ Y el mar como Embidioso
A tierra por lagrimas salia
Y alegre de cogerlas
Las guarda en conchas y convierte en perlas.”

Such was the degradation of things during the reigns of the latter Princes of the House of Austria. In the 18th century appeared some sparks among the ashes, in which these self-named *Cultos* had smothered the genius of their country. Gregorio Mayans y Siscar, who was born in the last year of the 17th lived to towards the close of the 18th century. He was librarian to Philip the Fifth, and corresponded with most of the persons of learning in Europe. His life of Cervantes is deservedly admired. Antonio Mayans, who was his brother, had yet greater merit. The writings of Feyjoo, a Benedictine Monk, are perhaps better known in this country than those of any other Spanish author since the time of Cervantes. He has expressed his sentiments with a degree of freedom unusual among those who are under the lash of the Inquisition. He declares war against all the errors and prejudices of mankind in his *Theatro Critico Universal*; and he is esteemed by some of his admirers to exhibit the same masterly understanding, whether the subjects be referable to science or art, geometry, metaphysics, morals, policy, music, grammar, or medicine.

El Eusebio of Father Montengon has been compared to the Emile of Rousseau, but of which it has neither the sophistry or the eloquence. D Juan Yriarte is the translator of the Epigrams of Martial, and he accomplished a work of yet greater difficulty, which was to supply a latin version of the multitude of proverbs with which the Spanish language is conversant. His nephew, Thomas Yriarte, besides translating Horace, composed a regular didactic poem on music, which was greatly esteemed in Spain, and printed at the royal charge. Cespedes, about the same time, published a poem on printing, which was highly appreciated both at home and abroad. Ignacio de Luzan deserves respect, as one of the revivers of literature. His work on poetry contains many valuable precepts, but like all the other preceptistas, he has more caution than boldness, and more state than dignity. We shall conclude with D. Josef Cadalso, who restored the Anacreontic style a century and a half after it had been raised to its highest excellence by Villegas.

The author of the essay does not descend quite so low as we have done in his chronological arrangement of Spanish writers; but here we also shall think it fit to close, as subsequent to this period a new character of Spanish composition was introduced, so different in the basis and in the superstructure, as not to devolve properly, under the class

of criticism, to which the preceding writers have been submitted. It is probable, that at an early period, some new publication will bring this subject regularly before us, and we shall not neglect the opportunity should it occur.

ART. VI.—*Memoirs of the Marchioness de Larochejaquelein, with a Map of the Theatre of War in La Vendée. Translated from the French. Edinburg, Constable, 1816. Pp. 535.*

SOME future generation will probably see the time when mankind, fatigued and exhausted with the labours, and alarmed by the miseries of war, will accurately calculate its object and its consequences, and not hastily undertake that, which, if attended with success, is loss; and if with disappointment, ruin. No lesson more instructive can be read on this subject, than the memoirs before us; supplying the history of a war, which has more of the character of the contests among the ancient republics than any other in modern story. The seat of the conflict in La Vendée was contracted in its limits, comprehending a part of Poitou, of Anjou, and of the county of Nantes; and the whole bounded to the north, by the river Loire. Thus narrowed in its extent, the contending parties were inflamed with that hatred which prevailed among the neighbouring States of Greece; and, as in the latter, all the inhabitants served in the armies, and the whole district was a frontier exposed to the inroads of the enemy.

There was another feature in which this Vendean war resembled those of the ancients. A great number of the persons engaged were provided only with clubs and rustic weapons, and hence it was the business of each man to buckle closely with his antagonist, and in such situations the battles are sanguinary, the slaughter is extensive on both sides, and especially on that of the vanquished. "The long thin lines required by the fire-arms, and the quick decision of the fray, render our modern engagements but partial rencounters; and enable the general, who is foiled in the beginning of the day, to draw off the greater part of his army sound and entire."

But we are not here required to discuss the question of ancient and modern warfare, as to their comparative humanity. It is true, that the business is now reduced to a perfect science, and men go gravely and coolly to the bloody employment,

contending with little emulation, and slaying with little resentment; yet it might be difficult to prove, that this plan of destruction, which has interest for its motive, is less culpable than that which has vengeance for its object. But however this may be considered in the light of justice or humanity with the view to history, the ancient practice, and the Vendean war as resembling it, has greatly the advantage. The ordinary details of engagements treat but of a dull theme, involving a number of wearisome repetitions, and furnishing but one mournful inference; so that it is said, that the parts of modern narrative, in which the most activity is displayed, are generally the least interesting, and eventful. Not so with the Vendean war; here was nothing of the weight of political intrigue, or the delay of art and negotiation; all was energy and passion, every tract of ground became a field of battle, every house a fortification, every hedge-row a palisade, and every eminence a castle. Here was no sitting down before the place, no gradual approaches, no lines of circumvallation, with trenches breast works and redoubts, to surround the camp; no division of the business between the engineer, and the soldier, no rear guard, no reserve: all was in the van, hand to hand, and foot to foot, the combatants were opposed, and from necessity, like the Fabü, every soldier was a general, and every general a soldier. Such was this irregular warfare; and if the reader looks for his entertainment and instruction to a description of these scenes of incessant action, moral and physical, his purpose will not be frustrated in the perusal of this work.

The memoirs commence with some biographical anecdotes of the author. She was born at Versailles in 1772, and is the only daughter of the Marquis de Donnissan. Her mother was the daughter of the Duke de Civrac. She was educated in the palace, and in 1789 she followed in the train of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth, who was then dragged to Paris under circumstances sufficiently notorious. According to a scheme of parental arrangement, which cannot be too severely condemned, and in which the feeling of nature is sacrificed to the impulse of interest, she was destined from her infancy to be the wife of the Marquis de Lescure. He was born in 1766; from thirteen to seventeen years of age was taught at the military school, but his father dying in the year 1784, 800,000 franks in debt, on the usual mercenary principle, the marriage was abandoned. By good management, however, the fortune and conse-

quently the lady, was retrieved, and the marriage took place when she was at the age of nineteen, and the bridegroom twenty-five. It was their early intention to emigrate, but at the particular request of the queen, they continued in France, and in consequence witnessed many of those dreadful scenes that prepared the way for the revolution. A short time prior to the Vendean war, they set out for the Chateau of Clisson, which belonged to them, situated in the part of Poitou, called *Le pays du Bocage*, but known since, as Madame Larochejaquelein expresses it, "by the glorious name of *La Vendée*." As the description of this country will enable the reader the better to understand from what peculiarities it was that so obstinate a resistance was made against the whole power of the republic, we will give the account of it in her own words.

"The Bocage comprehended a part of Poitou, of Anjou, and of the county of Nantes, and makes now part of four departments, *Loire-Inférieure*, *Maine-et-Loire*, *Deux Sèvres*, & *Vendée*. Its limits were the Loire to the north, from Nantes to Angers; west the marshy countries along the sea-coast, south and east a line beginning at Sables, and passing between Luçon, and La Roche-sur-Yon, by Fontenay, La Chataigneraie, Parthenay, Thouars, Brissac, and ending at the Loire, a little above the bridge of Cé. The war did not extend beyond these limits permanently.

"This country differs by its aspect, and still more by the manners of the inhabitants, from most of the other provinces of France. It is formed in general of small hills, unconnected with any chain of mountains. The valleys are neither deep nor wide; inconsiderable streams run through them in various directions towards the Loire, or the sea; others uniting form small rivers. Granitic rocks appear every where. It may easily be conceived that a country without either chains of mountains, rivers, extensive valleys, or even a general slope, forms a sort of labyrinth. You scarcely find any hill sufficiently elevated above the others to serve for a point of observation, or to command the country. Approaching Nantes along the *Sèvre*, the country assumes an aspect of more grandeur. The hills are more elevated and steeper. The river is rapid, and flows between high banks, and the general appearance becomes wild instead of rural. The eastern part of the Bocage is comparatively level and open. The whole country, as may be supposed from the name, is well wooded, although without extensive forests. Each field or meadow, generally small, is fenced with a quickset hedge, and trees very close together,—not high nor spreading, the branches being lopped off every five years, twelve or fifteen feet above ground. The soil is not fertile in grain, and being often left untillied, becomes covered with broom and furze. There is much grass land and pasture, and the landscape is in general very green, and varied

with many dwellings and farm-houses, the flat tile roofs of which, together with the steeples of churches, peep here and there through the trees: the view, in general bounded, extends occasionally to a few leagues.

" Besides two main roads running through the country, one from Nantes to Rochelle, the other to Tours and Bourdeaux by Poitou, it is intersected by cross roads in all directions, narrow and deep, between hedges and trees arching over; miry in winter, and rough in summer; and, when they happen to follow the declivity of a hill, often serving at the same time, for the bed of a rivulet. In some instances, these cross roads ascend the heights by irregular steps over rocks. At the end of each field almost, you meet with a short turn or a branching off, which leaves the traveller in uncertainty what course to follow, finger-posts being unknown. The inhabitants themselves are frequently at a loss when they happen to go two or three leagues from home. There are no great towns in the Bocage; small ones, of two or three thousand souls, are dispersed over its surface. The villages are not numerous, and distant from each other. The ground is divided into small farms, each inhabited by a family and some servants." (p. 37-40.)

Prior to the commencement of the war, it seems that the minds of the people of the Bocage were universally disposed to revolt, they foresaw it, and they desired it; but it was a vague and remote idea. At that period they had no leaders, and M. de Lescure and his friends took no steps to accelerate the movements of this disposition. Mr. Burke says, that " as well may we fancy that the sea of itself will swell, and without the wind the billows will insult the adverse shores, as that the gross mass of the people will be moved and elevated without the influence of superior authority, or superior mind." From the want of leaders there was a want of concert, and therefore the insurrection had already assumed importance at two remote points, Challaus in the Bas-Poitou, and St. Florent in Anjou, before there was any communication between the parties concerned in these transactions. The cause of this rising was the demand of 300,000 men for the supply of the republican armies. Patient submission and retirement was full as much as the Vendéans could bear; but to be required to shed their blood in the cause of the republican government, was much more than they could support. Yet we find, that with all their professions, and all their acknowledged feelings of hatred towards the popular system, some of the best articles of the new philosophy they were not unwilling to adopt into their creed, and the nobles of La

Vendée were under the necessity of yielding, however reluctantly, to this impulse.

"It was good policy," says the author, "to have for General in Chief a common peasant, at a moment when the spirit of equality, and a keen jealousy of the *noblesse* had become so general. It was, therefore, falling in with the general disposition, and attaching the peasants still more to the party they had embraced. The necessity of attending to this general spirit was so much felt, that the gentlemen took particular care to treat the peasant officers as perfectly their equals, although they themselves did not expect it. I have seen them withdraw from the table of the staff-officers, when I appeared there, saying, 'they were not entitled to sit at table with me,' and were only persuaded to remain, in consequence of my entreaties. Equality prevailed much more in the Vendéen than in the republican army; and to such a degree, that I did not know at the time, whether or not the greater part of our officers were gentlemen or peasants.

"Merit was the chief consideration. This just and natural sentiment came from the heart, and although not dictated by interest, was too conformable to it, not to be universally adopted. A different conduct might have cooled the general zeal." (p. 168-169.)

When the war had made some considerable progress, M. Lescure fell in battle. The Vendéans were to have attacked the republicans at Chollet. On the day preceding, M. de Bonchamp by the road of Tiffanges, and M de Lescure by that of Mortagne, were to take a position in the rear of the army, and the latter met it half way between Montagne and Chollet.

"M. de Lescure, with the young Beauvolliers, was some way before the troops, when, reaching the top of a rising ground, he discovered, at twenty paces from him, a republican post. "Forward!" he called out to the troops; but at that moment a ball struck him above the left eye, and came out behind his ear;—he fell lifeless. The peasants having rushed forward, passed over the body of their general without seeing him, and speedily repulsed the republicans. Young Beauvolliers, however, throwing away his sword, called out weeping, "He is dead, he is dead!" This alarm diffusing itself among the Vendéens, and occasioning some confusion, a reserve of Mayençais returned upon them and put them to flight. Mean time a servant of M. de Lescure had found his master bathed in blood, but still breathing. He placed him on a horse, supported by two soldiers, and in this manner they miraculously accomplished the conveying him to Beaupréau among the routed troops. The Vendéens retired to Chollet, and as they did not see M. de Lescure again, they believed him dead." (p. 264-265.)

The malignity and inveteracy of this civil war are exhibited throughout these pages; but we think nothing in the cold cruelty of Dionysius, Nabis, or Agathocles can exceed the following horrible description which we are unwilling to insert on account of the painful emotions it must excite.

"Some ladies, as by miracle, were forgotten in the prisons. Among these were found Madame de Beauvolliers, Madame and Mademoiselle de la Marsonnière, Mademoiselle de Mondyon, &c.; but the most part of those who were taken either died on the scaffold, or were drowned. They all displayed an heroic courage, never disavowing their real sentiments, &c.

"The peasants, women as well men, did not shew less courage, devotion, and enthusiasm, repeating, in their last moments, 'Vive le Roi!' 'We are going to Paradise!'

"Madame de Jourdain was taken to the Loire, to be drowned with her three daughters. A soldier wished to save the youngest, who was very beautiful; but she, determined to share her mother's fate, threw herself into the water. The unfortunate girl falling upon dead bodies, did not sink; she cried out, 'O push me in, I have not water enough!' and perished!

"Mademoiselle de Cuissard, aged sixteen, was still more beautiful, and excited the same interest in an officer, who passed three hours at her feet, supplicating to allow him to save her; but she had an old relation, whom this man would not run the risk to save, and Mademoiselle de Cuissard threw herself into the Loire after her.

"A horrible death was that of Madame de la Roche St. André. As she was with child, they spared her till she should be delivered, and then allowed her to nurse her child; but it died, and the next day she was executed." (p. 456-457.)

The account concludes with the amnesty granted to the Vendéans; yet the termination of the war, the author tells us, did not terminate her misfortunes. She submitted to a temporary exile, but by the laws, as well as by M. de Lescuré's will, she succeeded to the whole of his property, and though much of it had been sold during the commotions, she was deprived of no portion of what remained on the occasion of this absence. On the first of March, 1802, she married a cousin of her late husband, M. Louis de Larochejaquelein, which union she attributes to the persuasion of her mother, and thinking it would require some apology: "it seemed to me," she says, "that by marrying him, I attached myself still more to La Vendée, and that by uniting two such names, I did not offend against him whom I had loved so much."

The supplement is intended to give a cursory view of transactions during the government of Buonaparte. In this interval her new husband was engaged in the pursuits of agriculture and the amusements of the country, and excited the displeasure of the court, by taking no part in public affairs. They suffered every thing from the tyranny of the government; spies were placed among their domestics, their relations were driven from their homes, lest their benevolence should give them too firm a hold in the affection of their neighbours; her husband was summoned to Paris to give an explanation of his conduct, or a hunting party was misrepresented as an attempt to rally the Vendéans. Thus matters continued until 1805, when it was thought prudent to offer M. de Larochejaquelein a place at court on his own terms. It does not appear that this was accepted; and in 1809, it was proposed to confer upon him a commission in the army, as adjutant commandant, with the rank of colonel. The letter of the minister was equally pressing and polite, but M. de Larochejaquelein excused himself on the ground of ill health, and he had already, as captain of grenadiers, served during five campaigns against the negroes in St. Domingo.

Towards the end of 1811, the author was induced to visit Paris, where she had not been since the year 1792. It had been then determined to undertake the expedition against Russia, and the hope began to be indulged that a project of this gigantic and extravagant character would even lead to the destruction of him who had encountered so many chances, and braved so many dangers with such unexampled success. This hope was strengthened into expectation, when in 1813, the retreat from Moscow was made known. In 1814, the author being then at Citran, her husband traversed the Lower Medoc to inform all those in whom he could confide, of a plan concerted at Bourdeaux to co-operate with the British forces, and he was soon afterwards introduced by the Duke de Guiche to Lord Wellington, then at Garitz. On the 10th of April he received information that the King had been acknowledged at Paris, and that all was over. We are extremely concerned to add that this meritorious officer was killed in the month of June last, a few days prior to the battle of Waterloo, at the head of the new Vendean army, collected to support the cause of the Bourbons.

The translator of these memoirs says, that captivated by the simple and natural pictures of manners, principles, vir-

tues, and feelings, which might be deemed obsolete in modern Europe, and which are delineated in a style inartificial, even to a fault, he thought his task a very easy one; and we are not at all surprised if those turns of expression which had so much grace and force in the original, appeared inaccurate and obscure when rendered into a foreign language; or that he found the eloquence of nature, not more easily imitated than the eloquence of art. The version in the main appears to be well executed, and we believe the public will be the more gratified that the translator has contented himself with being as literal as possible, and avoided every attempt at any other description of eloquence than that of Madame de Larochejaquelein.

He hazards some reflections which he says naturally present themselves from the perusal of these memoirs, and they are, that the country of which La Vendée forms a part, and the court in which Madame de Larochejaquelein was educated, could not be so corrupt as we have been taught to believe. It is somewhat unfortunate for the first position of the translator, that this "most virtuous part of the nation" opposed itself to the corruption of the people whose purity he would defend: and with regard to the second, it would indeed be a lamentable state of degradation and infamy, if a single female could not be found, like Madame de Larochejaquelein, that was uninfected by the general depravity of the court.

ART. VII.—*A Series of Sacred Songs, Duets, and Trios; the Words by Thomas Moore, Esq.; the Music composed and selected by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc. and Mr. Moore.* London. J. Power, 1816. Pp. 77.

IT was the practice in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, when Bird, Lawes, and Laneare, and others, were musicians of celebrity, to publish the lyrical pieces of some of the more eminent poets of that day, with airs annexed to them: most of those old songs, well deserving imitation, (for in this kind our ancestors were peculiarly excellent) have never been republished. This custom has been revived of late years, more especially by Mr. Moore and Sir John Stevenson; the work before us is one of their joint productions, and as it is very probable that the words by the former will not, for some time at least, appear before the public in another shape, we have been anxious not to pass them over, although it is not our design to offer

any opinion upon the more scientific part of the production.

A few years since nothing was more wanting than a happy union of the sister arts of poetry and music; the words adapted to some of the best airs of our masters were then calculated rather to lessen than to heighten their effect; by disgusting the ear, they often left behind an impression detrimental to the notes to which they were attached, and several beautiful melodies have met with undeserved ridicule, on account of some ludicrous association. So much was this the case, that at last it became the object of the musician, not to require what was excellent as a vehicle for his science, but to secure what was inoffensive, and if he so far succeeded, his good fortune was the envy of his brethren. In this remark we refer particularly to a period from which we are about twenty or thirty years removed; although we might perhaps, with only a few exceptions, go back to the date when Gay produced his *Beggars' Opera*, which may be quoted as one of the first and best specimens, in our language, of the admirable adaptation of the most witty, and sometimes the most pathetic language to excellent music, that has ever been brought upon the stage.

It is a conjecture, not without plausibility, that the admitted superiority of Italian music is mainly to be attributed to the known advantages of the Italian language: to the beautiful pliability and ductileness of the sounds of the words, which enables the singer, while he does not sacrifice articulation, to produce a complete and harmonious amalgamation of the music, and that which is made the vehicle of it. There are certain insuperable obstacles, which will prevent the English tongue from ever rivalling the dialects of Italy; but Mr. Moore, who may be looked upon, in some respects, as more than the *Metastasio* of this country, because he has had to deal with a comparatively harsh and tuneless language, has done much to remove and polish down its ruggednesses; and to shew those who are prejudiced against it, that it is not quite so unfit to be the vehicle of harmony as they at first imagined. Indeed, those who formed this opinion, rather judged from the productions to which we before alluded, in which the composer of the music had to contend with, and to overcome, not merely roughness and uncouthness of stile, but positive inanity, an absence both of the body and the soul of poetry: the words of our songs were, at one time, a mere uninformed

mass, shapeless but for the compulsory observance of something like rhythm.

In this respect Mr. Moore principally has worked a most beneficial change, and though, as our readers will find, we are by no means the unqualified admirers of his poetry, even in the species to which he has chiefly devoted his talents; yet we must admit, that he has done much more than any other writer of his day, for the vindication of the musical applicability of the English tongue; independent of any other advantages which lie beneath the smooth surface of his versification. We will commence our extracts with one of the most favourable specimens in the volume, which was perhaps never exceeded by its author, and which comprises in itself, an illustration of the peculiar felicity of expression to which we have referred, and of the delicate thoughts and turns for which the poems of Mr. Moore are chiefly admirable.

“ OH! Thou, who dry'st the mourner's tear,

How dark this world would be,

If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,

We could not fly to thee.

The friends who in our sunshine live,

When winter comes are flown;

And he, who has but tears to give,

Must weep those tears alone.

But thou wilt heal that broken heart,

Which, like the plants that throw

Their fragrance from the wounded part,

Breathes sweetness out of woe.

“ When joy no longer soothes or cheers,

And ev'n the Hope that threw

A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,

Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!

Oh! who would bear Life's stormy doom,

Did not thy wing of Love

Come, brightly wafting thro' the gloom

Our Peace-branch from above?

Then, Sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright

With more than rapture's ray;

As Darkness shews us worlds of light

We never saw by day!”

Each verse concludes with a simile, which, though it may not deserve a stronger epithet than *pretty*, is admirable in its way, and gives a finish that much increases the grace of the piece; it is like the dew-drop at the point of an

unfolding rose-bud, which tinged with the colour of the flower, adds brightness to the hues, delicacy to the shades, beauty to the shape, and fragrance to the perfume. In truth, in such productions as these, Mr. Moore is extraordinarily happy, but he never goes further; he is almost exclusively a lyrical poet, and that not of first rate excellence; when he attempts "to snatch a grace beyond the reach of *his heart*" he usually fails. His lines never flow with the majesty of a mighty river, but with the melody of a summer spring; he never carries the reader along in a full tide of feeling, but he dances through flowery banks with a capricious course, his waves as they trip over the pebbles, leaping up to snatch a passing kiss from the violets that stoop half way to meet them; his course is only seen however at intervals, like a blue snake winding through the long grass, and the one portion of it sometimes does not appear at all connected with the other. Our author does not seem to possess the power of expanding, he calls in no tributary rills to augment his stream, which is seldom lasting; it is often entirely absorbed, and only traced by the verdure it leaves behind it.

At the same time we must observe, that this stile is certainly not well adapted to subjects of a sacred nature, and in this respect the pieces before us are especially deficient. When sacred songs are mentioned, we naturally expect to find not only grandeur and dignity of expression, but sublimity of thought; something resembling those splendid productions of eastern pcesy, the songs of Moses and of Solomon. For this and other reasons, we little thought that Mr. Moore, who has hitherto employed his delicate, though no quite decorous, pen almost solely upon lighter subjects, who,

" — on delicious musics silken wings
Sent ravishing delight to lover's ears,

or dipping it in his rosy liquor, had taught the delighted quill to express with the fervour of the hand that held it, the praise of wine or beauty, would have exchanged those themes for the graver, but more exalted subjects, on which he has recently employed himself. The following, entitled "*Miriam's Song*" on the destruction of the host of Pharoah, is perhaps the best specimen he has given of his ability to treat such noble topics.

" Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
JEHOVAH has triumph'd,—his people are free.

Sing—for the pride of the Tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting!—the LORD hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
JEHOVAH has triumph'd,—his people are free.

" Praise to the CONQUEROR, praise to the LORD,
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the LORD hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
JEHOVAH has triumph'd, his people are free."

Whether Mr. Moore undertook this new task at the suggestion of the bookseller, who might wish to give to the world a rival publication to the Hebrew Melodies of Lord Byron, or whether it was the result of the silent meditations of the author in his retirement at Ashbourne, from whence the dedication is dated, we cannot determine; but certainly he has been led into a course of reading, somewhat novel to all men not under professional compulsion; we mean the works of the fathers of the church, from some of whose works quotations are made in the notes, not completely without ostentation. It would be a libel of the most flagitious kind, to suppose for a moment, that a poet was not well acquainted with his Bible, a model for admirable poetry, and for eloquent and nervous language; of his knowledge of it, Mr. Moore has made considerable use, as the subsequent verses will shew, which remind us strongly of some lines by Lord Byron upon the same subject.

" Fall'n is thy throne, oh Israel!

Silence is o'er thy plains;

Thy dwellings all lye desolate,

Thy children weep in chains.

Where are the dews that fed thee

On Etham's barren shore?

That fire from Heaven which led thee,

Now lights thy path no more.

" LORD! thou didst love Jerusalem;—

Once, she was all thy own;

Her love thy fairest heritage,*

Her power thy glory's throne.†

* " I have left mine heritage; I have given the dearly beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies."—JEREMIAH xii. 7.

† " Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory."—JER. xiv. 21.

Till evil came, and blighted

Thy long-loved olive tree :—†

And Salem's shrines were lighted

For other Gods than Thee!

" Then sunk the star of Solyma ;

Then pass'd her glory's day,

Like heath, that in the wilderness†

The wild wind whirls away.

Silent and waste her bowers,

Where once the mighty trod,

And sunk those guilty towers,

Where Baal reign'd as God!

" " Go"—said the LORD—" ye Conquerors!

Steep in her blood your swords,

And raze to earth her battlements,‡

For they are not the LORD'S!

Till Zion's mournful daughter,

O'er kindred bones shall tread,

And Hinnom's vale of slaughter||

Shall hide but half her dead!"

The chief merit of this song is the adaptation of texts of Scripture to the verse; but every reader will see how much the force and dignity of the original, which is subjoined, is injured by the transpositions and clippings to make it fit the place assigned to it; this remark applies particularly to the last stanza: the grand simplicity of that expression "For they shall bury in Tophat *till there be no place*," as well as what precedes it is entirely lost. The third stanza is extremely bad, and if before we gave just applause to the author for his admirable similes, we must in this instance with-hold it; for if

" Like heath that, in the wilderness

The wild wind whirls away,"

be at all comprehensible, it much reduces the grandeur of the idea formed of the passing away of the glory of the empire of the Jews: it is defective also for another obvious

* "The Lord called thy name a green Olive Tree; fair and of goodly fruit, &c."—JER. xi. 16.

† "For he shall be like the heath in the dessert."—JER. xvii. 6.

‡ "Take away her battlements, for they are not the LORD'S."—JER. v. 10.

|| "Therefore, behold, the day's come, saith the LORD, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of the son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place."—JER. vii. 32.

reason, and the laboured alliteration is offensive to the ear. As however we dislike finding fault, we subjoin a poem not quite equal to the first we quoted, but containing some very happy expressions: the first four lines of the second stanza will fully compensate for the failure above noticed:

" Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,
When he, who sheds them, inly feels
Some lingering stain of early years
Eftac'd by every drop that steals.
The fruitless showers of worldly woe
Fall dark to earth, and never rise;
While tears, that from repentance flow,
In bright exhalement reach the skies.
Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,
When he, who sheds them, inly feels
Some lingering stain of early years
Eftac'd by every drop that steals.

" Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they passed, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.—
The warmest sigh, that pleasure heaves
Is cold; is faint to those that swell
The heart, where pure repentance grieves
O'er hours of pleasure, lov'd too well!
Leave me to sigh o'er days that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind."

Another instance of this chief beauty of Mr. Moore's productions is contained in the following lines

" As down in the sunless retreats of the Ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee!"

This application of the appearance of a natural object is new and pleasing, although it is perhaps a little forced; but it is succeeded by another, which if it have not the latter fault, does not possess the former recommendation; if it is trite and common place, the manner in which it is clothed makes us almost excuse its introduction:

" As still, to the Star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee!"

The fact, no doubt, is that Mr. Moore, whose mind is full of elegant disjected thoughts, without much facility in combining them, as we before remarked, had worked up his whole idea in the first four lines above given; but aware that it was not enough for a song, and not having the power of expansion, he was at a loss for a second verse, and was obliged to be contented with the hacknied simile of the needle; which he fancifully supposes to feel a sort of devotion to the polar star. One of the greatest lyric poets that ever lived was Burns, and what a strange difference there is between his productions and those of the author before us, who is also as we admit a lyric poet of very considerable and deserved eminence. One great distinction is this, that the mind of Burns was always full and overflowing; he never had to go out of himself, and his own natural feelings, for subjects for his muse, which led into each other in an unbroken and natural current: his learning was circumscribed, but his knowledge was unbounded—he asked for no aids from art when he was so plentifully supplied by nature, and his verses always seem to run as an involuntary ebullition, not as a premeditated effort. With Mr. Moore precisely the contrary is the case: he may be compared to one of those flowers which when first they blow possess little of the charm of colour, but afterwards draw their delicate hues from the yellow sunshine and the blue sky, while Burns unfolds from within himself, all his glowing tints expands them to the eye, and imparts a richness and brightness to the surrounding atmosphere. The materials of Mr. Moore are derived from learning and reflection; his combinations when affected are the consequence of labour, and if his versification be easy and his expressions felicitous, the polish is the result of patient industry. Some of the pieces under consideration have little or nothing to recommend them but this polish, though it does not very often happen that in the tedious process itself, something curious or pleasing is not elicited, which the workman himself did not expect when he first entered on the undertaking. Many of the most valuable pebbles are only discovered to be so, after they have been some time under the hands of the artist. An illustration of this opinion may we think be found in the ensuing song, in the second stanza, of which a very pretty thought is included, most probably not contemplated by the author when he first took up his pen.

" Thou art, oh GOD! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn thy glory's shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

" When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Thro' golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues, that make the Sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, LORD! are Thine.

" When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes;—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, LORD! are Thine.

" When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine."

The resemblance drawn between the starry night and

" Some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,"

is borrowed here and has been borrowed before from the eastern fictions; as in Europe we are unacquainted with any such bird as will warrant the simile, it was scarcely worth taking.

In the course of these poems their author has given many different specimens of versification, but in general we do not think that they are well suited to the gravity and dignity of the subjects treated. Of this our readers will be able to form a judgment from the extracts already made; but among them all we do not believe there is one so ill adapted as the following, with which we shall close this article. Many persons will perhaps be inclined to disagree with us on this point, and the measure is certainly a great favourite with Mr. Moore, who has written in it no less than four drinking songs that at present occur to us. The young lady over whose early loss he weeps in the thought while he dances on the expression, was the daughter of the

late Colonel Bainbridge, who was married at Ashbourne Church, in October, 1815, and died within a few weeks afterwards.

" Weep not for those, whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or Earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps, till the sunshine of Heav'n has unchain'd it,
To water that Eden, where first was its source!
Weep not for those, whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere Sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or Earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.

" Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,
Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now;
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of love was yet fresh on her brow;
Oh! then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown;—
And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly in dying,
Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own!
Weep not for her,—in her spring-time she flew
To that land, where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd,
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world."

To our ears these lines are a perfect jig; and the measure has been so long hacknied by the humble imitators of our author, that we can scarcely endure it with common patience, even when employed on the most familiar and lively subjects.

The present we are informed is the first part of a series of "Sacred Songs," by the same author and composer, and whatever we may have said against parts of it, we shall look with an anticipation of much pleasure, to the appearance of the second number. We would wish to find in the next, more fervour of piety and depth of feeling than are displayed in the present; but we doubt whether Mr. Moore's education and habits, and the nature of his mind and talents will enable him to gratify us in this respect.

ART. VIII.—*An Inquiry into the Literary and Political Character of James the First. By the Author of Curiosities of Literature, &c. &c.*—Beati Pacifici. London. John Murray, 1816. Pp. 228.

It does not often happen that posterity is unjust to the memory of Kings; their motives and actions are so repeatedly and minutely canvassed by subsequent historians of all parties, that scarcely an instance well ascertained can be quoted in which a fair estimate has not been formed. At all events, if the balance be not accurately adjusted, the inclination is probably in favour of the sovereign, who usually finds among his subjects some flattering chroniclers to represent his life in its most favourable colours; and in the case of one king expelling another from his throne, those who term "a successful invasion a glorious revolution," will sometimes compliment the successful monarch at the expense of his unfortunate predecessor. This supposition is indeed the main foundation of one of the most plausible vindications (though apparently the most hopeless in its result) ever attempted, viz. that of the character of Richard III. which first found a champion in George Buck, who wrote the life and reign of that king, and who was followed by the more ingenious and witty, than learned and judicious Horace Walpole in his *Historic Doubts*.

King James I. has also had his antagonists and his advocates. Arthur Wilson, who travelled with the Earl of Essex, and from documents and facts supplied by that nobleman, wrote his *History of the Reign of James I.* about 1652, was certainly no great admirer of that monarch, and the positions stated by him soon called forth "A complete History of Queen Mary of Scotland and of her Son King James," by William Sanderson. This reply, however, was censured even by the more competent of the party in whose favour it was written; its author was ridiculed and confuted by the other side, and the work has now sunk into oblivion as a confused mass of perverted facts and unauthenticated assertions: Dr. Basil Kennet points out two gross blunders in as many lines of the Introduction, and asserts that thousands of others could be produced, sometimes three or four on the same page. In fact, Wilson's statements have remained unanswered to the present day; and Mr. D'Israeli, in his book before us, not quite candidly slurring over this almost contemporary authority, attacks those only who have founded their opinions upon this

hitherto unrefuted testimony. Recollecting that Arthur Wilson lived and wrote in revolutionary times, when the divine right and immaculateness of kings were held in a degree of contempt, only equalled by the reverence paid to them on the accession of James, perhaps objections might fairly have been made to some of the opinions he endeavours to enforce; but Mr. D'Israeli contents himself with levelling his attack against Burnet, Bolingbroke, Pope, Harris, Macaulay, and Walpole. If however he does not arraign Wilson, he forbears also to call in the aid of Sanderson. Having referred to what he conceives to be the idle and mistaken judgment of some of the modern writers we have named, which he asserts Pope "echoed in verse," he gives the following lines from the *Dunciad* as the essence of the charge against the literary character of James I.

" Oh, cried the Goddess, for some pedant reign!
Some gentle James to bless the land again;
To stick the Doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words or war with words alone;
Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the Council to a grammar-school."

He then proceeds to give his commentary in these terms :

" Few of my readers, I suspect, but have long been persuaded that James I. was a mere college pedant, and that all his works, whatever they may be, are monstrous pedantic labours. Yet this monarch of all things detested pedantry, either as it shews itself in the mere form of Greek and Latin; or in ostentatious book-learning; or in the affectation of words of remote signification: these are the only points of view in which I have been taught to consider the meaning of the term pedantry, which is very indefinite, and always a relative one.

" The age of James I. was a controversial age, of unsettled opinions and contested principles; an age, in which authority is considered as stronger than opinion; but the vigour of that age of genius was infused into their writings, and those citers, who thus perpetually crowded their margins, were profound and original thinkers. When the learning of a preceding age becomes less recondite, and those principles general which were at first peculiar, are the ungrateful heirs of all this knowledge to reproach the fathers of their literature with pedantry? Lord Bolingbroke has pointedly said of James I. that " his pedantry was too much even for the age in which he lived." His Lordship knew little of that glorious age when the founders of our literature flourished. It had been over-clouded by the French court of Charles II., a race of unprincipled wits, and the revolution-court of William, heated by a new faction, too impatient

to discuss those principles of government which they had established. It was easy to ridicule what they did not always understand, and very rarely met with. But men of far higher genius than this monarch, Seldon, Usher, and Milton, must first be condemned before this odium of pedantry can attach itself to the plain and unostentatious writings of James I., who, it is remarkable, has not scattered in them those oratorical periods and elaborate fancies which he indulged in his speeches and proclamations. These loud accusers of the pedantry of James, were little aware that the King has expressed himself with energy and distinctness on this very topic. His Majesty cautions Prince Henry against the use of any 'corrupt leide, as *book-language* and *pen-and-ink-horn termes*, and least of all, *mignard* and *effeminate ones*.' One passage may be given entire as completely refuting a charge so general, yet so unfounded. 'I would also advise you to write in *your own language*, for there is *nothing left to be said in Greek and Latine already*; and ynewe (enough) of poore schollers would match you in these languages; and besides that it best becometh a *king*, to purifie and make famous his *owne tongue*; therein he may goe before all his subjects, as it setteth him well to doe in all honest and lawful things.' No scholar of a pedantic taste could have dared so complete an emancipation from ancient, yet not obselete prejudices, at a time when many of our own great authors yet imagined there was no fame for an Englishman unless he neglected his maternal language for the artificial labour of the idiom of ancient Rome. Bacon had even his own domestic Essays translated into Latin; and the King found a courtier-bishop to perform the same task for his Majesty's writings. There was something prescient in this view of the national language by the King, who contemplated in it those latent powers which had not yet burst into existence. It is evident that the line of Pope is false which describes the King as intending to rule 'senates and courts' by 'turning the council to a grammar-school.' "

We can by no means concur with Mr. D'Israeli in his remark as to the neglect of our maternal language at the time to which he refers: he cannot but be aware, from the knowledge he has displayed upon this subject in other productions, that admiration for the English tongue and excellence in the employment of it, were never carried higher than in the reign of James I.; the rage for "the artificial labour of the idiom of ancient Rome" had greatly subsided, and the writers in Latin were comparatively few and indifferent, while those who composed in English were as numerous as they were beautiful. Thomas Churchyard, who published a poem as early as the reign of Edward VI. and who just lived to see James upon the throne, thus speaks in praise of his native tongue—

"But never I, nor you, I trow, in sentence plain and short,
 Did yet behold with careful eye in any foreign tongue
 A higher verse, a statlier stile, that may be said or sung,
 Than is this day indeed our English verse and rhyme," &c.

At the time the piece from which the above lines are taken was printed, the language had attained but a small portion of the perfection it reached in the succeeding half century. This is however a point somewhat extraneous, nor should we have noticed it, did it not shew that Mr. D'Israeli, for the sake of his favourite hypothesis, is willing awhile to lay aside his better knowledge. The *pedantry* and affectation of learning in James, however, were not merely known to his own Court; the wily *Gondemar* made use of it as a powerful instrument to flatter the King's vanity; it is related that James took great delight in talking with the Spaniard who would make use of false Latin on purpose to please the King by giving an opportunity of correcting him, observing that his Majesty spoke Latin like a *pedant*, while he (*Gondemar*) only spoke it like a gentleman. This characteristic anecdote is given with others by Wilson, who adds, that by such means *Gondemar* "wrought himself by subtlety into the King's good affections;" and notwithstanding all that is urged to the contrary, we may say with *Bolingbroke*, "that he affected more learning than became a King, which he broached on every occasion in such a manner as would have misbecome a schoolmaster."

Mr. D'Israeli proceeds next to the conduct of James at the celebrated conference at Hampton Court in 1603, and he dwells long and warmly upon the ability and learning of the King upon that occasion; but as no man, not even Wilson, denies that he was acute and eloquent, this may be considered in some degree a work of supererrogation. Here however Pope's assertion is established, that the King "stuck the doctor's chair into the throne;" and though he acquitted himself like an able polemic, it does not follow that it was wise in a King to place himself in the situation of an arbiter in the disputes between the prelates and the puritans. Without regard to arrangement, the author of this Inquiry immediately afterwards adverts to a few of the works written by James; first, to his puerile attacks upon the use of tobacco; and secondly, to his notorious pamphlet upon *Dæmonologie*, to prove the existence, power, and qualities of sorcerers, necromancers, and witches, which he excuses on the ground, that had the royal author thought otherwise

at that time, "he might have been branded as an atheist King;" yet he adds soon afterwards that James did recant his opinions, and was not so branded. The fact of recantation is extremely apocryphal, and it is not easy to imagine how any man who was so deeply infected with a belief in such mysteries, who was weak enough to carry the doctrine to such extravagant lengths, could ever exercise power of intellect sufficient to enable him to throw off the delusion. As Mr. D'Israeli did not think it useful to his side of the question to give any extracts, we will supply one specimen, as the work is now become of considerable rarity. The tract is conducted in the form of a dialogue between Philomathes and Episthemon, the latter professing to enlighten the ignorance of the former. After noticing that women are generally made witches, because their sex being frailer, they are more easily entrapped by the Devil,* he speaks thus of their powers and of those of their master:—

"To some others at these times he (Sathan) teacheth, how to make pictures of waxe or clay; That by the roasting thereof, the persons that they beare the name of, may be continually melted or dried away by continuall sicknesse. To some he giues such stones or poulders, as will helpe to cure or cast on diseases: And to some hee teacheth kindes of vnouth poisons, which Mediciniers vnderstand not (for hee is farre cunninger than man in the knowledge of all the occult proprieties of nature) not that any of these meanes which he teacheth them (except the poisons which are composed of things naturall) can, of themselves, helpe any thing to these turnes, that they are employed in, but onely being Gods Ape, as well in that, as in all other things. They can make men or women to loue or hate other, which may be very possible to the Diuell to effectuate, seeing he being a subtile spirit, knowes well enough how to perswade the corrupted affection of them whom God will permit him so to deale with: They can lay the sicknesse of one vpon another, which likewise is verie possible vnto him: They can bewitch and take the life of men or women, by roasting of the pictures, as I spake of before, which likewise is verie possible to their Maister to performe, for although (as I said before) that instrument of waxe haue no vertue in that turne doing, yet may hee not very well, euen by the same measure

* A good joke is recorded of Sir J. Harington, the translator of Ariosto, in *Nugæ Antiquæ*. Soon after James had published his *Dæmonology*, he was discussing the subject among his courtiers, probably at one of his dinners given to learned men, of which Mr. D'Israeli says much. Among others, the King asked this sagacious question—"Why Sathan employed for the most part old women as witches to effect his wicked purposes?" To which Sir John Harington readily replied, that it was according to that text of Scripture which says that "the Devil delighteth to walk in dry places."

that his coniured slaues melts that waxe at the fire, may hee not, I say, at the same times, subtile as a spirite, so weaken and scatter the spirites of life of the patient, as may make him on the one part, for faintnesse, to sweate out the humour of his bodie: And on the other parte, for the not concurrence of these spirites, which causes his digestion, to debilitate his stomacke, that this humour radicall continually sweating out on the one part, and no new good sucke being put in the place thereof, for lacke of digestion on the other, he at last shall vanish away, euen as his picture will doe at the fire? And that knauish and cunning workeman, by troubling him, onely at sometimes, makes a proportion, so neere betwixt the working of the one and the other, that both shall end as it were at one time. They can raise stormes and tempests in the aire, either vpon sea or land, though not vniuersally, but in such a particular place and prescribed bounds, as GOD will permitte them so to trouble: Which likewise is very easie to be discerned from any other naturall tempests, that are meteores, in respect of the suddaine and violent raising thereof, together with the short enduring of the same. They can make folks to become Phrenticque or Maniacque, which likewise is very possible to their master to do, since they are but naturall sicknesses: and so he may lay on these kindes, as well as any others. They can make spirits, either to follow and trouble persons, or haunt certaine houses, and affray oftentimes the inhabitants: as hath beene knownen to be done by our Witches at this time. And likewise they can make some to be possessed with spirits, and so to become very Dæmoniacques: and this last sort is very possible likewise to the Diuell their Maister to doe, since he may easily send his own Angels to trouble in what forme he pleases, any whom God wil permit him so to vse."

The next work of King James referred to is the "*Basilicon Doron*," written for the instruction of Prince Henry, one of the dullest and most common-place productions that ever issued from the press, though Mr. D'Israeli heaps upon its author applauses, as if he were really the first moral philosopher of that age, attributing all the noble qualities of the young Prince to these didactic aphorisms. We are then introduced to Bishop Williams's Funeral Sermon as a decisive evidence in favour of the deceased. To contemporary and hired eulogists we are not now to look for a fair character of the King; did we content ourselves with their authority, we might indeed believe that James was even more than "a mortal god on earth." Let our readers cast their eyes over the following hyperbolical lines contained in George Chapman's "*Memorable Masque*" at the nuptials of Elizabeth, the daughter of James, with the Palsgrave, and they will be able to form some estimate of the value of

such laudatory effusions as seem to command the confidence of Mr. D'Israeli. The lines are spoken to James in person, who is addressed as Apollo.

“ Rise, rise, Oh Phœbus ! ever rise,
Descend not to th’ inconstant stream,
But grace with endless light our eyes ;
To thee the sun is but a beam !
Oh may our sun not set before
He sees his endless seed arise,
And deck his triple-crowned shore
With springs of human deities !
Rise still, clear sun, and never set
But be to earth her only light !
All other Kings in thy beams met
Are clouds and dark effects of night !
As when the rosy morn doth rise
Like mists all give *thy wisdom* way ;
A learned King is, as in skies
To poor dimm stars, the flaming day !”

Our author now opens a new topic of applause, viz. the wit of King James ; he possessed not only deep erudition and political wisdom, but he was a great wit. In collecting the good things attributed to James, Mr. D'Israeli has shewn considerable industry ; and it would have been very strange (even supposing the King incapable of saying some of them, which we do not contend) if among the men of talents of his reign, a few persons could not be found who would be kind enough to put into the mouth of this monarch so ambitious of military reputation, a few witticisms worthy of record. It would be unfair not to give a specimen, and we have chosen the best.

“ His vein of familiar humour flowed at all times, and his facetiousness was sometimes indulged at the cost of his royalty. In those unhappy differences between him and his Parliament, one day mounting his horse, which, though unusually sober and quiet, began to bound and prance.—‘ Sirrah !’ exclaimed the King, who seemed to fancy that his favourite prerogative was somewhat resisted on this occasion, ‘ if you be not quiet, I’ll send you to the five hundred kings in the lower house : they’ll quickly tame you.’—When one of the Lumleys was pushing on his lineal ascent beyond the patience of the hearers, the King, to cut short the tedious descendant of the Lumleys, cried out, ‘ Stop, mon ! thou needst no more : now I learn that Adam’s surname was Lumley !’—When Colonel Gray, a military adventurer of that day, just returned from Germany, seemed vain of his accoutrements, on which he had spent his all,—the King,

staring at this buckled, belted, sworded and pistolled, but ruined Martinet, observed, that 'this town was so well fortified, that, were it victualled, it might be impregnable.' "

The acuteness and penetration of James are the next subjects of determined eulogy, though we confess it appears to us, that the most ordinary sagacity would have been able to make the boasted discoveries in the case of the conspiracy against Lady Ross, and of the impostor parson who pretended to preach in his sleep. With these instances, introduced with some ostentation, our readers are probably not unacquainted; but only the favourable side of the picture is disclosed, and none of the anecdotes that might serve as counterpoises to the intellectual strength and mental dignity of the King are ever hinted at; such, for instance, as the King's kicking an old and faithful menial named John Gib, because he did not produce papers that had never been given to him, and the subsequent debasement of the monarch, who kneeled down in the most abject posture, and refused to rise till the servant had forgiven him. Other well-authenticated stories of the King might be given; but nothing can more decidedly prove the almost positive imbecility of James under some circumstances than his conduct to his favourite Buckingham, and his letters to him that have been preserved. To these, and their grossness and apparent semi-idiotcy, Mr. D'Israeli just refers, but flies off in a tangent as if afraid to touch the point, calling them "the follies of the wise," and accounting for their obscurity by a reference to the coarse manners of the age. In this correspondence James treats Buckingham with the utmost familiarity, calling him "his dear child and gossip Steenie," (alluding to the personal beauty of the Duke, whom he likened to St. Stephen); and Buckingham replies by addressing the King as "Dear Dad and Stuart." In other letters James begins, "My dear Dog Steenie," and his favourite subscribes "Your Majesty's most humble Slave and Dog." At one time the King tells Steenie that he constantly wears his picture next his heart, and at another he entreats him to hasten to him, "*that his white teeth may shine upon him.*" We cannot refrain from subjoining one of these productions, in which blind affection and puling folly seem striving for pre-eminence:—

"MY ONLY SWEET AND DEAR CHILD,

"Blessing, blessing, blessing on thy heart's roots and all thine this Thursday morning! Here is great store of game as they say,

partridges and stonecolours; I know who shall get their part of them. And here is the finest company of young hounds that was ever seen. God bless the sweet master of my harriers, that has made them to be so well kept all summer, I mean *Tom Badger*. I assure myself thou wilt punctually observe the diet and journey I set thee down on my first letter from Theobald's. God bless thee and sweet *Kate* and *Mall* to the comfort of thy dear dad.

JAMES R.

"P. S. Let my last compliment settle to thy heart till we have a sweet and comfortable meeting, which God send, and give thee grace to bid the Drogues adieu this day."

The whole of this correspondence is in truth a mass of filth, indecency, absurdity, and inanity. Mr. D'Israeli then enters into a discussion of some length and research on the manners of the age of James, contending that the King was not infected by one of the prevalent vices, and that he was neither guilty of extortion nor bribery. Of his private habits he thus speaks:—

"The King's occasional retirement to Royston and Newmarket have even been surmised to have borne some analogy to the horrid Capræa of Tiberius; but a witness has accidentally detailed the King's uniform life in these occasional seclusions. James I. withdrew at times from public life, but not from public affairs; and hunting, to which he then gave alternate days, was the chief amusement and requisite exercise of his sedentary habits: but the chase only occupied a few hours. A part of the day was spent by the King in his private studies; another at his dinners, where he had a reader, and was perpetually sending to Cambridge for books of reference; state affairs were transacted at night; for it was observed at the time, that his secretaries sat up later at night, in those occasional retirements, than when they were at London. I have noticed that the state-papers were composed by himself, that he wrote letters on important occasions without consulting any one; and that he derived little aid from his secretaries. James was probably never indolent; but the uniform life and sedentary habits of literary men usually incur this reproach from those real idlers, who bustle in a life of nothingness. While no one loved more the still life of peace than this studious monarch, whose habits formed an agreeable combination of the contemplative and the active life, study and business—no king more zealously tried to keep down the growing abuses of his government, by personally concerning himself in the protection of the subject."

One great fault in this production is, the wandering gossiping style in which it is written; we have found it a matter of no small difficulty to bring our review into any regular shape; the author starts off from polemics to politics,

and from manners to literature, in a way unbecoming the grave task he has undertaken, which in parts is executed with ingenuity and learning. That portion of the work which appears most deficient is the vindication of the public character and conduct of James; with his notions of unbounded prerogative we are not disposed to quarrel, because he ascended the throne flattered by all parties, as the providential assertor of the divine and indefeasible right of Kings, and as the head of three great and powerful nations. Perhaps, however, it was the re-action of these very doctrines which much contributed to the destruction of his unfortunate son, and to the establishment of a form of government completely repugnant to the opinions promulgated among all classes at the time of the accession of the subject of this Inquiry. Another circumstance that greatly aided the designs of the Republicans, was the contempt into which James had brought the higher orders of his subjects by the almost indiscriminate distribution of rank and honours among the lowest and most worthless individuals. On his first arrival in London, he made eighty knights promiscuously, who afterwards became a bye-word of ridicule, and in the first few weeks of his reign, he raised twenty persons to the peerage. This was directly contravening one of the plainest maxims of his counsellor Bacon, who says that "a king is the fountain of honour, which should not run with a waste pipe, lest the courtiers sell the water, and then, as the Papists say of their holy water, it loses the virtue." But these points have been touched upon by abler pens, and we hint at them, without referring to others that might be stated, merely for the purpose of shewing the too great partiality Mr. D'Israeli shews to his protégé King James. The state of things in the beginning of the reign of James I. where may be observed some of the seeds of the calamities which followed, is shortly but well described by Mr. D'Israeli in the early part of this volume.

"The affairs of religion and politics in the reign of James I. as in the preceding one of Elizabeth, were identified together; nor yet have the same causes in Europe ceased to act, however changed or modified. The government of James was imperfectly established while his subjects were wrestling with two great factions to obtain the predominance. The Catholics were disputing his title to the crown, which they aimed to carry into the family of Spain, and the Puritans would have abolished sovereignty itself; these parties indeed were not able to take the field, but all felt equally powerful with the pen. Hence an age of doctrines. When a religious body has grown into

power, it changes itself into a political one; the chiefs are flattered by their strength, and stimulated by their ambition; but a powerful body in the state cannot remain stationary, and a divided empire it disdains. Religious controversies have therefore been usually coverings to mask the political designs of the heads of parties."

The general stile of this work is not such as to produce a very strong nor lasting impression, nor to accomplish the object of the author, who here and there betrays too much of the spirit of partisanship to secure confidence. He has taken up a notion which he states "originates in an affair of literary conscience," and without being aware of it, he has tried to make many facts bend to his opinions, and to take a bias inconsistent with what seems to us to be the truth. It is a little remarkable, that in speaking of the literary acquirements and productions of King James, Mr. D'Israeli should have omitted all notice of his numerous poetical works, printed in 1585, 1591, and 1631, which, though principally translations, shew considerable skill and some talent. The late Bishop of Dromore says that the following sonnet, with which we conclude our present article, would not disgrace any writer of that time:—

"God gives not Kings the stile of Gods in vain,
For on his throne his scepter do they sway:
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So Kings should fear and serve their God againe.
If then ye would enjoy a happy reign,
Observe the statutes of our heavenly King:
And from his law make all your laws to spring:
Since his lieutenant here ye should remain,
Reward the just, be stedfast, true, and plain;
Repress the proud, maintaining aye the right;
Walk always so as ever in his sight,
Who guards the godly plaguing the profane:
And so ye shall in princely virtues shine,
Resembling right your mighty King Divine!"

THE DRAMA.

ART. IX.—*Fazio, a Tragedy.* By H. H. MILMAN, B. A.
Fellow of Brasen Nose College. Oxford. J. PARKER,
1816. Pp. 103.

THE author informs us in his preface that this "attempt at reviving our old national drama with greater simplicity

of plot, was written with some view to the stage. Circumstances, and an opinion of considerable weight induced him to prefer the less perilous ordeal of the press: as in the one case if its merits are small or moderate, the quiet sleep of oblivion will be infinitely less grating to an author's feelings, than a noisy and tumultuous execution in a public theatre." Considered as a poem in a dramatic form, this tragedy has many claims to praise; and although it probably would not have succeeded on the stage as at present managed and constructed, the endeavour to imitate the character and stile of our early theatrical representations is laudable, and nearly as happy as laudable.

The complication of the plots of the dramatic performances of our ancestors is easily accounted for: at a time when the success of a piece did not depend upon the variety and beauty of the scenery, and the stage effect of extraordinary situation, it was necessary to give the audience something to engage their attention, and the bustle of the business and the number and opposition of the characters was more than equivalent to the substitute we have obtained: at that period, the whole of the persons present could distinctly hear all that passed upon the boards, and consequently could understand and relish the play, however involved the incidents might be: this love of incident led also to that disregard of probability, and to that wide range of fancy for which our old plays are remarkable, as well as to the introduction on the other hand of scenes copied from the ease and familiarity of ordinary life: of this kind more especially is Heywood's Tragedy of "A Woman killed with Kindness," and such applause attended productions of the sort, that Lodowick Barrey, in the prologue to his comedy of *Ram Alley*, 1611, says that the business of a good play is to shew

Things euer done with that true life
That thoughts and wits should stand at strife,
Whether the things now done be true
Or whether we ourselves now do
The things we but present, &c.—

Such were in some degree the causes of the complicated plots to which Mr. Milman by implication objects, and which are equally to be found in the tragedy and comedy of the period from Elizabeth to the Restoration, after which our stage, as is known, underwent a remarkable change, certainly not for the better. It is not our intention to enter further into this subject, to which we were drawn by the in-

troductory remarks of the author of the tragedy on our table.

The story, which we learn is derived from the Annual Register of 1795, may be told in a few words—Fazio, a poor but well-descended and ambitious Florentine, had loved a rich Marchesa named Aldabella who rejected him: he afterwards marries Bianca, a woman of his own rank. He is represented as one of those who laboured under the delusion of being able to find the philosopher's stone; but his alchemy is unproductive, and while in the height of his disappointment and despair, an old miser who lives in an adjoining house is stabbed by robbers; he takes refuge in the house of Fazio where he dies. The hero immediately conceives the idea of burying the body secretly, and possessing himself of the wealth of the deceased, both which designs he executes. He immediately launches into all kinds of expense, and is warmly received by Aldabella, who contrives to withdraw his affections from his wife. Bianca not aware of the consequences, but only wishing to reclaim her husband, discloses the mode in which he obtained his wealth. The sudden riches of Fazio and other circumstances concur against him, and he is condemned to suffer death, not for the murder, of which he is afterwards cleared, but for the robbery. The miserable Bianca becomes distracted, in vain attempts to retract her charge, and Fazio is beheaded, while his wife before the Duke accuses Aldabella, of being the cause of all her calamities by seducing Fazio: the Marchesa is sentenced to pass the remainder of her life in a Convent, and Bianca dies broken hearted.

This fable possesses great capabilities, and in general it is well conducted by the author: there is however a want of strength and feature in Fazio, which occasions a more faint impression to be left behind after perusal than is consistent with the prominence of his part: this objection does not apply to Bianca, although we do not think the reader is well prepared, by previous description of her character and temper, to expect that her jealousy of Aldabella would lead her to the desperate extremity of betraying her husband: her passions are certainly described to be violent, and it is to be recollected that at the time of the disclosure of the dreadful secret she does not guess that it will affect even his personal liberty: she only thinks it will reduce him again to the happy level from which he so suddenly started.

—————“ Oh, we'll be poor again!
Oh I forgive thee! We'll be poor and happy;
So happy the dull day shall be too short for us!”

is her exclamation before the Duke, after she imagines she has merely stripped him of his riches, not robbed him of his life.

The language in which this piece is written is as obviously an imitation of our elder dramatic writers, as the plot, but the fault of it is, that it is rather too obviously an imitation: it does not always seem to flow naturally from the writer, but as if he made an effort to be antique, and on this account it is not always in keeping: in some places it has a more modern appearance than in others, and Mr. Milman does not seem to be very extensively acquainted with old plays, or his stock of words obtained from them would be greater; he however introduces some excellent compound terms, which possess great spirit and force. The following extract is made from the second act. Fazio has just been reconciled to Aldabella, for whom he feels revive the affection he entertained before he married Bianca.

BIANCA.

"What hath distemper'd thee?—This is unnatural;
Thou could'st not talk thus in thy stedfast senses.
Fazio, thou hast seen Aldabella!—"

FAZIO.

Well,
"She is no basilisk—there's no death in her eyes.

BIANCA.

"Aye, Fazio, but there is; and more than death—
A death beyond the grave—a death of sin—
A howling, hideous, and eternal death—
Death the flesh shrinks from.—No, thou must not see her!
Nay, I'm imperative—thou'rt mine, and shalt not.

FAZIO.

"Shalt not!—Dost think me a thick-blooded slave,
To say "Amen" unto thy positive "shalt not?"
The hand upon a dial, only to point
Just as your humorous ladyship choose to shine?

BIANCA.

"Fazio, thou settest a fever in my brain;
My very lips burn, Fazio, at the thought:
I had rather thou wert in thy winding sheet
Than that bad woman's arms: I had rather grave-worms
Were on thy lips than that bad woman's kisses.

FAZIO.

"Howbeit, there is no blistering in their taste :
There is no suffocation in those arms.

BIANCA.

"Take heed ; we are passionate ; our milk of love
Doth turn to wormwood, and that's bitter drinking.
The fondest are most phrenteic : where the fire
Burneth intensest, there the inmate pale
Doth dread the broad and beaconing conflagration.
If that ye cast us to the winds, the winds
Will give us their unruly restless nature ;
We whirl and whirl ; and where we settle, Fazio,
But he that ruleth the mad winds can know.
If ye do drive the love out of my soul,
That is its motion, being, and its life,
There'll be a conflict strange and horrible,
Among all fearful and ill-visaged fiends,
For the blank void ; and their mad revel there
Will make me—oh, I know not what—hate thee !——
Oh, no !—I could not hate thee, Fazio :
Nay, nay, my Fazio, 'tis not come to that ;
Mine arms, mine arms, shall say the next " shall not ;"
I'll never startle more thy peevish ears,
But I'll speak to thee with my positive lips.

[Kissing and clinging to him.]

The simile of the dial is undoubtedly bad, because it supposes the " never varying sun" to be capricious in his course.—Those who read this extract separated from the rest, will perhaps be inclined to charge the author with some affectation of obsolete phraseology, but as we have remarked, imitation was a part of his purpose. We might select many passages of very pretty poetry, to say the least of them, which fastidious critics perhaps would assert, were out of their place, not recollecting that in the old drama probability was often sacrificed for the sake of something better. This objection, if it were one, would apply to the subsequent extract, from the interview between Fazio and Bianca in prison, after the condemnation of the former.

FAZIO.

Let's talk of joy, Bianca : we'll deceive
This present and this future, whose grim faces
Stare at us with such deep and hideous blackness :
We'll fly to the past. Dost thou remember, love,
Those gentle moonlights, when my fond guitar

Was regular, as convent vesper hymn,
Beneath thy lattice, sometimes the light dawn
Came stealing on our voiceless intercourse,
Soft in its grey and filmy atmosphere?

BIANCA.

"Oh yes, oh yes!—There'll be a dawn *to-morrow*
Will steal upon us.—Then, oh then——

FAZIO.

Oh, think not on't!

And thou remember'st too that beauteous evening
Upon the Arno; how we sail'd along,
And laugh'd to see the stately towers of Florence
Waver and dance in the blue depth beneath us.
How carelessly thy unretiring hand
Abandon'd its soft whiteness to my pressure?

BIANCA.

Oh yes!—*To-morrow* evening, if thou close
Thy clasping hand, mine will not meet it then—
Thou'lt only grasp the chill and senseless earth.

FAZIO.

Thou busy, sad remembrancer of evil!——
How exquisitely happy have we two
State in the dusky and discolour'd light,
That flicker'd through our shaking lattice bars!
Our children at our feet, or on our laps,
Warm in their breathing slumbers, or at play
With rosy laughter on their cheeks!—Oh God!——
Bianca, such a flash of thought crost o'er me,
I dare not speak it."

It certainly is not quite natural that such should be the course and subject of conversation at so dreadful a period of the story. The principal fault of the tragedy, we think is, that it is expanded over too wide a surface: the dialogues are now and then protracted to a tedious length, and there is a want of contrast among the characters: there is not sufficient difference between Bianca and Aldabella, and all the men excepting Fazio are quite insignificant personages. There are two or three descriptive sketches, one particularly of an old miser gloating over his treasure, sunning himself in the golden beams of his coffers, that are of very great excellence. The death of the miser, whose last words are employed upon his money and mortgages, is rather too much caricatured.

BIBLIOTHECA ANTIQUA.

ART. X.—*A true Discourse Historicall, of the succeeding Governours in the Netherlands, and the Civill Warres there begun in the yeare 1565, with the memorable services of our honourable English Generals, Captaines and Soldiers, especially under Sir John Norice Knight, there performed from the yeere 1577 until the yeere 1589, and afterwards in Portugale, France, Britaine and Ireland untill the yeere 1598. Translated and collected by T. C. Esquire, and Ric. Ro. out of the Reverend E. M. of Antwerp, his fiftene bookes Historiæ Belgicæ; and other collections added: altogether manifesting all martiall actions, meete for every good subject to reade, for defence of Prince and Countrey.—At London. Imprinted for Matthew Lownes, and are to be sold at his shop under S. Dunstons Church in the West, 1602, 4to. B. L. Pp. 166.*

THIS is a very curious and a rare Historical Tract, almost contemporaneous with the important events to which it refers, and written and compiled principally by an eye witness, Thomas Churchyard, assisted by a friend named Richard Robinson, who made the translations in the title mentioned, from the work of *Emanuel Meteranus*. Before we proceed to the book, it is fit to make our readers acquainted with its author, whose name even, is probably known but to few.

Thomas Churchyard was born at Shrewsbury about the year 1520, and died in 1604, being at that time probably in his 84th year. During the course of this long life he had seen much of the world, and had followed many different occupations, but the principal were those of a soldier and author, having left behind him in print and manuscript a great number of pieces both prose and verse. It is said that he was of a respectable family, and that while he was yet a boy his father gave him a certain sum and sent him to the court of Henry VIII. to seek his fortune: having soon dissipated his money, he was patronized by the Earl of Surrey, "himself a poet, and a poet's friend:" by the aid of this nobleman, Churchyard obtained employment as a soldier, and served against the Irish and Scotch. After the execution of his patron, the Earl of Leicester took him under his protection, with whom he served in the wars of Flanders. In his campaigns he was twice taken prisoner,

once actually condemned to death as a spy, but he escaped through the influence of ladies of quality, for according to tradition, Churchyard was generally a favourite with females, though he was unfortunate in a suit he paid to a wealthy and fair widow. During the latter part of his life he was extremely poor, and probably would have starved but for a pension,* allowed him by Elizabeth, to which he refers in "A pleasant conceite penned in verse," &c. published eleven years before his death. This fact is not noticed by any of his biographers, and it accounts for the opinion later writers have formed, that he was in fact at one time the Poet Laureat—Camden (Remaines, p. 407—1636) calls him "the poore Court-Poet," and this title he might acquire by his periodical panegyrics upon the queen. Camden quotes the following curious and instructive epitaph upon Churchyard.

"Come Alecto, and lend me thy torch
To finde a Churchyard in the Church-porch:
Poverty and *Poetry* this tombe doth enclose,
Therefore gentlemen, *be merry in Prose.*"

He was buried next to Skelton, for whom, according to his lines on English Poets, he entertained a very high though not a very just admiration:† his words are,

"Oh shall I leave out Skeltons name,
The blossome of my frute?
The tree whereon in deede
My branches all might groe;
Nay Skelton wore the lawrell wreath,
And past in schoels ye knoe!
A poet for his arte
Whoes judgment suer was hie
And had great practices of the pen;
His works they will not die," &c.

Churchyard had an affectation of spelling in a very peculiar and uncouth manner in which he was partially

* He publishes his book, he says "in signe and token, that your goodnesse to me oftentimes, and chiefly now for my pension, shall never goe out of my remembrance."

† Erasmus calls Skelton *Britanicarum literarum lumen et decus*, probably he was unacquainted with him but as a scholar, Meres (*Palladis Tamia*, 1598, fo. 279 b.) says "Skelton (I knowe not for what worthines, surnamed the Poet Laureat) applied his wit to scurrilities and ridiculous matters; such among the Greeks were called *Pantomimi*, with us Buffons."

followed by James Howell, author of "Familiar Letters," &c. &c. published in the reign of Charles I.

The "True Discourse" before us is dedicated "to the Right Noble and Right Honorable Sir Edward Seymour, Knight, Baron Beauchamp, Earl of Hartford, &c. Thomas Churchyard, Esquire wisheth long life, &c." and in this epistle the author expresses his great obligations to Lord Hertford's father in 1547, and the deserts of the army, the first of which he was anxious to repay and the last to celebrate. He then thus proceeds,

"So in my great age I clapped on a youthfull corage (imagining I saw all the worthines of men) and stoutly stept into the translation of *Meteranus* workes of *Historia Belgica*: but often falling sick, and like to passe from world, I called vnto me one *Richard Robinson*, (a man more debased by many then he merits of any, so good parts are there in the man) one whom I might commaund and keepe a long while for this purpose, and who tooke great paines (I being sicke) in the translation, and in writing the other collections of this booke: but my studie, knowledge, experience, and eye witnes for all or most actions in this book, perfected euerie point and peece of matter pertaining to the truth of al here in this volume printed: my selfe beholding herein a world for a great personage to patronage, bethought me of your honorable lordship. So aduisedly and somewhat fearefully to presume, I haue humbly presented my paines to the wel liking of your honor: accepting my good wil and boldnes as far as my honest regard leads me. I protest neither matter of state, nor vaine inventions drew my muse to this hard attempt and presumption: but the loue and laudation of lordlie minded souldiers, loyall subiects, vnconquered courages, and aspiring mindes, that dare fight with fortune, flie in the face of all forraine enimies, and daunt the pride of all false harted people of the whole world what-soeuer. So for the commendation of an infinite number of lyonlike champions, this work was compiled, printed, and presented: hoping it shal purchase fauour of your lordship, and of all noble minded personages, that prefer euerie excellent exercise aboue al slouthfull dronish idlenes.

Your good lordships in all at commandment,

THOMAS CHURCHYARD.

This small work always sells at a high price, but the copy from which our extracts are made is rendered peculiarly valuable by the insertion of twenty lines in the old English, fourteen syllable measure upon a blank page, in a hand writing obviously of about the date when the book was printed. At the bottom are the letters Th. Ch. the usual mode in which Churchyard signed his pieces,

and it is not impossible that the whole is an autograph: the circumstances that lead to a contrary conclusion are that Churchyard in 1602 was in his 82d year, whereas these verses do not seem to have been penned by an infirm hand, and the spelling is not as singular as he usually made it. The lines are an eulogy upon Sir John Norris and Sir Philip Sidney, and well merit transcribing.

“ What greater guerdon can we give to Norrice his hie name
Than that it shall while time indures have ever growing fame?
In Portugale in Royal France, no lesse likewise in Spaine,
In Netherlands with much renowme in Ireland and Britaine,
He lawrell won for victory's with manie a grieslie wound,
His lawrell crown shall thunder stroke nor lightning ere confound.
The thrones of kings may bee orethrown by time a foe to all,
But under deadlie stroke of time his fame shall never fall!
It is immortal, fresh and greene, and ever must remaine
When towers of brasse and marble tombes do show them selves
but vaine.—

With him Sir Philip Sidney too shall be recorded hie
Who over death victoriouslie hath gain'd the victorie:
Unequall'd in the British court or field with martial power
When death him struck with bullet foule death was not conquerour.
Now to what loftier hight of fame can this great worthie clime,
A victor over enemies, victor ore death and time?
Though age and sicknesse me assaile, I feele againe returne
The ardent fires wherewith whilom I did full fiercelie burne:
Why could not Churchyard die with them, he must full sore
complaine

Not crawle into his welcome grave, his crotches age and paine?”
Тя. Чл.

A man who could thus write was no very contemptible poet. The body of the work which is in prose opens with “a collection of the succeeding governors of the Netherlands,” and from thence proceeds to “the originall civill warres in the Netherlands, under the Duchesse of Parma,” beginning with the year 1566 when the Pope sent inquisitors against the reformers: the latter finding no protection in the king as is known took up armes. At this time Churchyard filled a place of very high trust, for he informs us that he had the custodie of the keys of Antwerp, and that 30,000 men were under his orders in that city. He was, however, soon afterwards compelled to fly in the disguise of a priest to England, in consequence of the disaffection of the party and other causes of discomfiture. Probably having represented the state of things to Elizabeth he returned to Antwerp, and on the breaking

out of a new rebellion he was chosen leader of the Protestants, who rose in great numbers. *Mons. Beauvois* the general of the enemy having defeated Toloze, marches upon Antwerp, and what afterwards happens is thus related.

“Beholding over the walles *Mons. Beauvois* and his people proudly marching (after so much bloodshed) within a mile of Antwerpe, the Protestants resolutely determined to encounter *Beauvois* in the fields: but wanting a generall captaine, and horsemen to match against horsemen, they fell in a great murmuring, and knew not what was best to take in hand: yet seeing all their *gouvernours* refuse them, called courage to themselves, and so resolved to make a stranger their captaine, they being enterlarded with many valiant souldiers (that came from the siege of *Valenciana*) came suddenly to *Captaine Churchyards* lodgings and burst open his doore, commaunding him in all haste to come out, and take the charge of those that would fight for the Gospell, which attended his comming well armed in the streetes: *Churchyard* told them he would serue among them, but was unable to governe a multitude. Whereon they bent their pikes on him, and threatned to kill him if he did refuse their louing offer. He thereupon gaue his promise to obey, and so without any armour came into the street, where was raised such a shout and noise of people (and so many caps flung vp) that it was a wonder to heare and see it: he presently gessed their number was great and their quarrell good, so in a few words he desired that such as would not fight, to depart to their wiues and children: whereat all the people shouted and cried, goe forward and we will follow. Then vnto the gates goes the assemblie of twenty-five thousand, sauing the soldiers were left by direction to make head and beard the fortie ensignes in the market place: so the Protestants breaking with barres of yron a posterne gate (because the keyes were hidden) their leader still aduancing his ensigne full in the enemies view, their horsemen somewhat slacke (for the rifling *Tolozes Campe*) cast in the reregard: and not readie to charge the forefront of the Protestants, made the Protestants vse the more aduantage both of shot and seruice, whereby they gat so much blood and victorie, that their leader (of some great consideration) made his people retire into the towne againe, the number that sallied were eight thousand. They were no sooner entered but the Prince of Orange and noblemen welcomed (with embracings) the leader and all his followers, promising great matter for their boldness. But the captaine and his people hoping to rid the whole towne of Spaniards, marched with the aduantage of the time (the gates fast shut) towards the market place, order being giuen that five thousand shot should enter at the backes of the enemies, when one shot of canon should be discharged against the Protestants from the market place (where twenty-four great pieces were rammed full of stones and

chaines) and resolutely the Protestants holding this course, marching thorow Cooper-strote in as great brauerie and terror as may be imagined, they approached neere the enemies with such a thundring noise and crie as seemed marueilous. The Prince and great Charles before named, pitying the great slaughter that might follow this bold attempt, on horsebacke (as all the nobilitie were) the Prince presented peace to the Protestants: who disdainig his offer cried kill him, and so bent their pikes on him. What, what (quoth the capitaine) will you kill your gouernors, fie for shame, hold still your weapons: but the Prince and the rest with him, drew backe their bridles so hard and so disorderly, that downe came the Prince and his companie all flat backward in the place."

It is singular that the industrious biographers of our English poets from Phillips, the first, to Sir E. Brydges, the last editor of the *Theatrum Poetarum*, should never have resorted to this fruitful source of information regarding Churchyard, on which account principally we have selected it for the present article: the main historical facts may be derived from other authors, though perhaps not with the same minuteness; but it was not until very recently that it was known what dignified and important situations "the poore court-poet" had filled when he was only between thirty and forty years old. Not long after the events above detailed, Churchyard came to England, having been employed as a leader in several bloody engagements with the Catholic party, in the course of a few months. The motive for his return does not distinctly appear. The manner in which hostilities were conducted under the Duke of Alva, Don Louis Requisensius, Don John of Austria, and the Prince of Parma are next detailed, and followed by a relation of the embassy of the Duke of Anjou to England, and his voyage back to Antwerp, accompanied by the Earl of Leicester, Sir P. Sidney, Tho. Churchyard, &c. A dull narrative of successes on both sides occupies many pages, and then is inserted an account of the assassination of the Prince of Orange, in 1584, in the palace at Delft, which is yet standing, and is an object very worthy of curiosity to all travellers in Holland. We extract a description of the flight, capture, and horrid execution of the murderer.

"The murthering messenger and cursed caitife of Caine, or rather of Tubalcains crew, hauing perpetrated this villanous act, tooke his heeles and fled thereupon through the posterne gate of the Princes palace with all haste he could: and casting away his other bagge out of his hands, running by the streete neere the ditch of the citie of Delph, as he prepared himselfe with two blad-

ders to swimme ouer, he was taken by two of the Princes seruants, brought backe againe to the Princes palace, and caried to prison. Where he (being of the senate or chiefe men of the citie examined) writ and affirmed his intention and confession full and whole: adding most desperately and diuillishly, that if the deede were againe to be done upon the said Prince, he would yet doe it, yea if the Prince were guarded with five hundred thousand men round about. For the which cause, sentence of law and iudgement definitiue being giuen vpon this his mischieuous act, he was condemned to be caried to a gibbet, set vp before the town-house or senate-house of that citie; here first he had his right hand with a hot iron seared and cut off, which did the deede, and cast into the fire: next of all, with fire hot pincers he had his flesh torne and pluckt off from sixe parts of his bodie which were most fleshie, viz. of his breast, armes, legs and buttocks, and those cast into the fire, and his body beginning from the lower part was with an axe chopt in peeces, his belly was ripped, his heart was pluckt out and cast at the villaines face (yet in some life) and afterwards his head being chopt off, was (with other foure parts of his bodie, as armes and feete set upon foure poles on foure turrets or posts of the citie) fastened vpon a long pole set vpon the turret of the schoolehouse, on the backside of the Princes lodging."

The manner in which Churchyard speaks of Sir P. Sidney, who was chosen governor of Flushing, deserves notice.

"About this time the right noble by birth and for vertue renowned Knight Sir Philip Sidney (sonne and heire of that most noble Sir Henry Sidney, Knight, sometime Lord Deputie of Ireland, and then Lord President of Wales) was by her majestie sent ouer after the said Generall Norice on the tenth day of October in the yeere aforesaid: who ariuing in safetie at Flushing, was on the nineteenth of that moneth by the states established Lord Gouvernour of Flushing in Zeland; where by his valour, wisdom and great diligence he surprised the towne of Axel in Flaunders, and at Doesburgh in Gelderland, made manifest prooffe of his valour and magnanimitie. But as he had liued alwaies in honour, excelling by the lawrell and the launee (I am but Paruus Læodocus in re tam magna, to describe his demerits of fame condignely) so yet amongst others, *feeling in his life time his honourable fauour, and finding after his death the want of his furtherance vnto my poore distressed muse*, I cannot but in dutie honour his vertuous, godly and learned life, and with dolour deplore his vntimely death, with his honorable actions then lastly performed, as in the next yeere following hereafter shall appeare."

The circumstances attending the death of this perfect gentleman, at Zutphen, in 1586, are probably remembered

by our readers. It does not appear that Churchyard was present. He relates the event in these terms :

“ This noble knight like Cæsar charged theemie so sore, that first an enuious musquetier from the spitefull Spaniards espying his oportunitie slew his horse under him : who getting to horse againe, was with a poysoned bullet from theemie shot in the thigh, wanting his cuisses, which might haue defended him. The wound being deepe and shiuering the bone, yet his heart was good, and his courage little abated, one Vdal a gentleman alighted and led his horse softly, to whom he thus spake : Let goe, let goe till I fall to the ground : the foe shall misse the glorie of my wound. And so riding out of the field with a rare and constant courage, his wound was searched, no salue too deare but was sought, no skill so curious but was tried to cure, ease, and recouer this noble soldier languishing in paine, all remediles. Who feeling death drawing on, desired yet (were it Gods will so to be) that he might liue to doe his countrie more good seruice : alleaging that he feared not death, but lamented that his yeeres as yet (being but greene) brought forth but leaues, the bloomes being faire, no fruite yet appearing, his life could not be lengthened for the enlargement of that good, which both in heart he wished, and in power he would haue performed towards his Prince and countrie, had he liued here longer : who being demaunded if he feared not any whit to dye, answered : No whit, because I liue thereby.”

This account is supplied from the report of George Whetstone, another *tam Marti quam Mercurio*, both a soldier and poet of celebrity, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who was an eye-witness of the scene described. The detail of the ceremony of his splendid funeral in St. Paul's is succeeded by two epitaphs ; the first by Whetstone and the second anonymous.

“ Here vnder lyes Phillip Sydney Knight,
True to his Prince, learned, staid and wise :
Who lost his life in honourable fight,
Who vanquisht death, in that he did despise
To liue in pompe, by others brought to passe :
Which oft he tearm'd a dyamond set in brasse.

“ England, Netherland, the heauens and the arts
The souldiers, and the world, haue made six parts
Of the noble Sydney ; for none will suppose,
That a small heape of stones can Sydney inclose.
His bodie hath England, for she it fed,
Netherland his blood in her defence shed :
The Heauens haue his soule, the arts haue his fame,
All souldiers the grieve, the world his good name.”

After this we have a journal of the voyage to Portugale, anno 1589, a statement of Sir John Norris's achievements in France against the leaguers, in 1591, and of his "memorable service" at Brest, in Britany. At the last, Churchyard, then not less than seventy-four years old, was assisting in a military capacity; for he says, "also myselfe being herein, an actor my eye was not at leasure to note every mans desert." What rank he then held is not mentioned, but probably it was low, and undertaken for mere subsistence. The work is concluded by Sir John Norris's expedition to Ireland, where he died, in 1597. At the end are these words, "All this service in Ireland was set down by Daniel Gyles, sometime page, and after lately servant to the said General Norrice at his death as aforesaid."

We shall probably take an early opportunity of noticing others of the curious productions of Thomas Churchyard, who seems to have been acquainted with many of his scribbling contemporaries; such as Nash, Green, Gascoyne, Whetstone, &c. Spenser is said to allude to this venerable monument of literary misery in "Colin Clout's come home againe," in the following lines:

"And there is old *Palemon*, free from spight,
Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer rew,
Yet he himself may rewed be more right,
That sung so long untill quite hoarse he grew."

Churchyard was very properly introduced into this poem, on the return of Sir W. Raleigh, as he received from that knight many benefits, which are acknowledged in his "Sparke of Friendship;" reprinted in the Harleian collection.

ART. XI.—*Three Familiar Lectures on Craniological Physiognomy, delivered before the City Philosophical Society.*
By a MEMBER. London. Effingham and Wilson,
1816. Pp. 114.

THIS little work is written with much taste and spirit. It does not precisely follow the course pursued by the Reviews, Quarterly and Edinburg, on the subject of the discoveries of the physiognomical doctor; but here also we have no deficiency of Gall. The professors, however, are not exclusively the objects of satire; the public who

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have attended their lectures, and listened with avidity to their novelties, are exposed either to the vigour of the bow or the venom of the shaft.

The system of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim is briefly this: the mind is endued with certain propensities, sentiments, and faculties, each of which has appropriated to it a limited portion of the brain, on which it acts, and which is therefore called its organ. The skull which covers the brain, is depressed or protuberant, according to the littleness or magnitude of their organs; and the concavities within precisely correspond with the convexities without. It is from the examination of these latter on the surface of the head, that the expert physiognomist becomes familiar with the propensities, sentiments, and faculties of the persons exhibiting these craniognomical appearances.

Under this view, it is not necessary to examine into the metaphysical doctrines of materialism and innate ideas, with which this writer amuses himself at the expense of the German instructors; it will be sufficient to give his short answer, where he declares there is no conformation visible on the exterior of the skull, at all corresponding with the interior concavities; and as to this fact, these foreigners and our witty countrymen are completely at issue.

“ That there are a variety of indentations, or concavities, within the skull, and those formed by the convolutions of the brain, will be most readily granted, because, on inspection, they plainly appear; but that there are any corresponding protuberances on the outside of the cranium, will be as promptly denied, because, on inspection, no such protuberances can be seen. It was well known to anatomists, long before the inventors of this theory were born, that the inner plate of the skull bears an exact impression of the surface of the brain, and that the various convolutions of that organ mark it with the most evident indentations; it was, moreover, equally well known, (what even Gall and Spurzheim cannot possibly be ignorant of,) that those indentations, instead of causing prominences on the outer plate of the skull, serve no other purpose than to vary the thickness of those parts of the bone immediately above them; so as to render the skull, in some instances, where the convolution are large and the concavities deep, semi transparent: and nothing is more common than to find a skull with numerous deep and varying sinuosities on the inside, while the outside is as smooth and as free from any kind of elevation as a billiard ball.

“ Although these important facts may not be considered sufficient to show that this new theory has no foundation in truth, yet they most clearly prove, (what will perhaps be thought equally fatal to it)

the utter impossibility of ever reducing it to any practical utility; for, unless the mind is composed of numerous faculties, and those faculties do reside each in a distinct cerebral organ; unless those organs do make indentations in the skull, which are constantly accompanied by corresponding protuberances on the outside of it; it becomes perfectly clear, that, though we shave a man's head ever so close, and examine it with ever so much care and exactness, we shall learn no more of his propensities, sentiments, and faculties, than by measuring and examining his fingers and toes." (p. 113.)

Whatever may be the merit of this reply to the whole system of the Craniognomists, at least the question is by such anatomical expositions reduced into a small compass, and we are under no necessity of enquiring with Helvetius into the distinctions of cause and accident, as whether Demosthenes were an orator because he listened to Callistratus, and whether Milton a poet, because he was no longer a secretary. It will be, we suppose, readily admitted to our author, that the individuals possessed the faculties before, and those circumstances only called them into exercise, or gave them leisure to exert them. "Without food we cannot eat, but the faculty of eating exists before the food is presented; a dog cannot hunt if he be shut up, (fleas excepted) but the hunting faculty exists in that dog notwithstanding." The most important consideration is, that we do not bewilder ourselves in the regions of wisdom and folly, which are so near to each other: the Dictionnaire des Girouettes, a work we propose to introduce to our readers, has a remark from our Cragniomists, which is peculiarly applicable in the way of caution on this subject: "Le Docteur Gall," says the author, "avoit remarqué que la protuberance de l'ambition touchait celle de la folie. Heureux ceux dont les deux protuberances ne se conondent pas pour n'en former qu'une seule."

ART. XII.—*Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, with their applications to Heights and Distances, Projections of the Sphere, Dialing, Astronomy, the Solution of Equations, and Geodesic Operations.* By OLINTHUS GREGORY, L. L. D. London. Baldwin, Cradock and Joy, 1816. Pp. 244.

THE author of this little work has before published several elementary treatises on philosophical and mathematical subjects, and is the first to introduce Trigonometry to general notice in that familiar shape in which other branches

of science have been brought forward by Dr. Hutton, Mr. Bonnycastle, and others. Trigonometry defined by its etymology, is strictly the measure of triangles, but in the practical application of the term, it is the science by which we are enabled to ascertain the positions and dimensions of the different parts of space, by the means of the previous knowledge of some of those parts.

This production is not to be considered, however brief in the form, as a mere common-place book of principles and theorems, but by employing a small type, and confining himself chiefly to the analytical mode of investigation, the author has been able to introduce a greater variety in the application of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, than is to be found in any other elementary work on the subject; and so familiar are the illustrations, that the whole, excepting what relates to the minute variations of the sides and angles of triangles, and the differential analogies which apply to them, may be readily comprehended by any person who is tolerably conversant with the elements of geometry and algebra.

In a book of this kind, it will not be expected that there should be any thing original excepting the plan or method adopted; and indeed the author candidly acknowledges, that he has freely availed himself of all such matter as was likely to answer his purpose, especially in the productions of foreign mathematicians. In particular, the theory of projections, the general problem in reference to dialing, and the comprehensive table of differential equations, for the variations of triangles, are taken, with very little variation, from the *Treatise on Astronomy*, in 3 vols. 4to. of the Chevalier Delembre.

The author endeavours to answer the objection which rigid mathematicians may be disposed to make, that his demonstrations are not exclusively geometrical. He considers this objection to be founded in a prejudice, which, although rapidly weakening, still retains its hold upon the minds of many adepts in science, and which is the more extraordinary in this country, as here the modern analysis has received some of its most valuable improvements. His reasons are, that the plan he has had recourse to, is more concise than the geometrical method of the ancients; that it is more uniform as well as more general and comprehensive; that it is much the easiest, the processes being conducted with the greatest possible simplicity; that it connects more intimately with the principal topics of mixed mathe-

matics; and finally, that it communicates to the student more successfully the habit of investigation.

The work is concluded, in the twelfth chapter, with two sections of miscellaneous problems, the one with, and the other without the solutions.

ART. XIII.—*A brief View of the actual Condition and Treatment of the Negro Slaves in the British Colonies, in a Letter to a Member of the Imperial Parliament. By CAPTAIN HENDERSON.* Baldwin and Co. 1816. Pp. 56.

THIS is a temperate and respectable pamphlet. The writer exhibits a favourable view of the state of the negro slaves in our colonies. He asserts that the colonial laws do not leave the slave so entirely unprotected as is generally imagined, and that there is no want of establishments for the relief of those who are aged or sick. He laments the want of religious instruction, and the neglect of the education of these the lowest of our fellow creatures; and asserts that they are accessible to these great instruments of improvement, at the same time that the apparent object of the book is to shew that it is not adviseable to emancipate them.

It is a subject of astonishment and joy to find that such subjects should be already discussed—Religious instruction, public education, liberty—and negro slaves!

We are satisfied that if the exertions of the African Association be effectual in suppressing the illicit importation of slaves into our colonies, the melioration of their condition must of necessity take place. While it was cheaper to buy than to rear slaves, mere humanity was but a feeble protection of the unhappy race. Now that it is the interest of their masters, they too will share in the common blessings of humanity, and *thrive and multiply.*

ART. XIV.—*Observations on the Emancipation of the Slaves,* Pp. 10.

THIS is merely an extract from Dr. Pinckard's "Notes on the West Indies," and after stating the effects of liberal instruction on the degrading ignorance, the sullen perverseness, and revengeful feeling of the slaves, (not indeed excited without sufficient cause) it recommends that a general system of education and moral improvement be established among them.

"Perhaps," says this pamphlet, "the best preparatory step would be, to bring a considerable proportion of the *people of colour*, between the whites and the negroes, to England to be educated, together with such of the blacks themselves, as might display any peculiar marks of intellect; allowing them to return as free subjects, possessing all the privileges of citizens; and, in addition to these, annually to enfranchise a certain number of the best-disposed slaves, until the whole should be free; taking care always, to preserve a due proportion between the number educated, and the number emancipated, and to make their liberation a reward to superior merit.

"In this manner, the individuals of all shades and all degrees, might be brought to mix together as people of the same state, subject to the same laws, following the same pursuits, and feeling the same interests and propensities. The coloured inhabitants would be made fellow-citizens with the whites, and they would aspire to be—Englishmen! Among them would be found merchants and planters, as well as tradesmen, mechanics, and labourers; all hurtful jealousies would be done away, and the Africans and their offspring having acquired a knowledge of the benefits to be derived from industry, and the accumulation of property, the cultivation of the colonies would be continued, and the commercial influence preserved to the mother country."

We do not see the necessity of a second transportation to England, in order that these itinerants may be instructed on a narrow scale, when institutions might, on the most extensive scheme, be formed in the islands, unless indeed these colonial settlements are in so corrupt and degenerated a condition, that nothing pure and ameliorating can be expected within their boundaries.

ART. XV.—*The SEQUEL of an ATTEMPT to ascertain the Author of the Letters published under the signature of JUNIUS, in which that hitherto impenetrable secret is, it is presumed, fully disclosed. By the Author of the ATTEMPT.* London. Longman and Co. Pp. 29.

THE former and present publication are by the Rev. J. B. Blakeway, and to his pursuit he very properly affixes the motto,

—————*Sub luce maligna
Est iter.*

The author imagines he has, in his first attempt, completely disposed of the old competitors in this controversy,

and the present publication is to do away, in like manner, the pretensions of Dr. Francis the translator of Horace, and his son Sir Philip; with Mr. Glover the author of Leonidas, and Dr. Wilmot a Warwickshire clergyman. In addition, he subjoins some arguments more clearly to shew that John Horne is the author of the Letters of Junius, and by such means, to degrade that writer from the "bad eminence" on which he has been so long enthroned. We do not think that the Rev. Gentleman has succeeded now better than in his former attempt, and we recommend to him to make no third experiment, since the two first have been attended with so little success.

ART. XVI.—*Of the Revolutionists, and of the present Ministry. By M***. From the French, with an Historical Memoir of Fouché, of Nantes, now called Duke of Otranto by the English Editor. Allman, Pp. 87.*

THIS is a coarse and violent attack on the party with whom the King of France has found it his interest to temporise, but whom the returned emigrant would fain persuade him to punish for their former crimes.

It is universally known that Fouché of Nantes is a very odious character, stained with the most detestable crimes of the revolution.

But it is at the same time as well, though not so generally known, that Louis the Eighteenth is more indebted to him than to any other *Frenchman* for the recovery of his throne. Notwithstanding these services, the Duke of Otranto has yielded to the force of public opinion, and is in a state of exile from which he is not likely ever to return.

Under these circumstances, we do not see the use of repeating the often repeated tale of his offences, however flagrant and disgusting.

ART. XVII.—*A solemn Review of the Custom of War, showing that War is the effect of Popular Delusion; with a Proposal for a Remedy. London. Souter, 1816. Pp. 15.*

ON the 20th of March last, a Meeting was held at the London Coffee House, and as Sir Richard Phillips was called to the chair, we need not wonder at the means proposed to produce the change in society, and in the views of nations here contemplated.

"Let printing-presses be established in sufficient numbers to fill every land with newspapers, tracts, and periodical works, adapted to promote the pacific design of the societies. Let these give zealous support to all rulers and ministers who prefer peace to war, and let them spread a mild and pacific temper among the people, so that those who profit by wars may not mislead their passions, and induce them to call on their leaders to make war for every supposed national affront."

It may be assumed from this explanation of the expedients to prevent war, that the designs, at least of the chairman, are not wholly disinterested; or at least, that on the present, as well as on former occasions, he has extraordinary felicity in blending the pure and patriotic with a certain portion of the mixed and mercenary. We object to war, and dread its immoral and mischievous consequences much more than the chairman, and as much as any member of the society over which he presides, but we see nothing sufficiently new or curious in the present publication which he has professedly superintended, to recommend it to general perusal. A second Tract, we find, is to appear from the same quarter, consisting of extracts from Grotius on Peace and War. We thought that this writer, with Puffendorf and all his commentators, were considered as political heretics by these modern zealots.

ART. XVIII.—*Letters on the Present State of the Agricultural Interests, addressed to Charles Forbes, Esq. M. P. by the Rev. A. Crombie, L. L. D.* London. Hunter, 1816.

THE REV. Author of this work has before submitted to the attention of the public a Treatise on the Etymology and Syntax of our Language, and a production intended to facilitate the attainment of a correct prose style, which he intituled, *Gymnasium, sive symbola Critica*; he has also appeared in the arena of metaphysics, on the doctrine of philosophical necessity.

The more familiar subject of this undertaking was introduced in the epistolary form in which it is now presented in one of the Public Journals, under the signature of Titus, and as the letters were copied into one or two of the provincial newspapers with some marks of approbation, (so the author modestly expresses himself) they are again offered to the public in the shape of a pamphlet.

The author inquires, first, what are the real causes which have reduced the price of grain? secondly, whether these causes are likely to be permanent? thirdly, if there be no probability that wheat will yield that price which will remunerate the farmer at his present advanced rent; what are the most effectual means of affording him relief?

The first question is almost exclusively discussed in the introductory letters, and its merits have been so often examined, that we shall only remark upon it, that the principles are accurately stated, and that the argument, without any pretension to novelty, appears to be correct.

The second inquiry is disposed of by the present price of corn in the market, which has advanced so considerably, that we presume almost the whole ground of complaint with the farmer is removed, and we very much doubt his inclination at present to adopt, as the means of relief, a corn rent, which is recommended in this pamphlet, and almost every other we have seen on the subject.

In the third and last letter, the author combats the principle of bounties on the exportation of corn, and discusses the respective merits of Dr. Anderson's reasoning in favour of them, and Dr. Adam Smith's in refutation, he himself perfectly agreeing with the latter. He very properly objects also to the duty proposed on foreign wool, in the ardour of the country gentlemen to procure remedies for their grievances, and he resists likewise generally the repeal or diminution of direct taxes on agricultural industry, because the landlord, and not the farmer, is ultimately benefitted by such concessions; and this perhaps will be found to be the secret of that ready support and encouragement which has been given in Parliament to Mr. Western's most extraordinary propositions.

The remedies Dr. Crombie suggests are a reduction in the rents, which we presume in the present state of the markets will be less necessary; he considers that tithing should be abolished, and shews its impolicy by a comparison of South with North Britain; he recommends that the poor rates should be equalized, and that the statute against usury should be amended or repealed. We ourselves should be extremely unwilling to accede to the last intimation, so as to leave the needy labourer in the harvest, exposed to all the rapacity of the great and the opulent.

ART. XIX.—*An Enquiry into the extent of the present Real Depreciation of Landed Property, with its Causes, and the best mode of Managing Estates under the present Circumstances.* By JOHN SELLON. London. Baldwin and Co. 1816. Pp. 54.

THE author of this pamphlet, from the nature of his engagements as a land agent, has possessed the best opportunity of acquiring practical information, with regard to the management of estates, in the peculiar predicament in which proprietors and cultivators of land are now placed. He does not profess to examine minutely, in a political point of view, into the extent of our population, or the state of our national credit, as influencing that predicament; but he considers England in the situation of an individual who has long been enjoying the profits of a flourishing and extensive monopoly; and who, when that monopoly has ceased, is not disposed or prepared hastily to reduce his expenses.

On the enquiry as to what is the real present depreciation of Landed Property? he says, that men of considerable experience advance opinions most widely different on the subject, some assuming that land has not fallen above ten per cent. and others, that it has been reduced seventy per cent. To form his own estimate of the depreciation, the author gives a calculation, from which he concludes, allowing a diminution in labour and horse-keep of twenty-eight per cent. that the present valuation of landed property is twenty-four per cent., or nearly a quarter, below the estimate that would have been made prior to the late changes.

"But," he adds, "though in my opinion, the intrinsic value of land has not fallen above twenty-four per cent, let it not be conceived, that a price proportioned to such decrease can now be in most cases obtained for it; the alarms and prejudices of many farmers will have their weight, and the folly and imprudence of some will not only have injured themselves, but the whole community. Yet it is a material object, to separate the cause of the real depreciation of land from these fictitious circumstances, because they will gradually lose their effect, whilst the others will remain unaltered, except by political events."

The sequel of the work, is, by far, the most interesting, both for its importance and its novelty, as it treats on the best mode of managing estates under the present depreciation, being intended to remove both landlord and tenant, as far as possible, from their embarrassment.

He considers, that a reduction of the late high rents may be very properly sought by the tenants, and as fitly granted by the landlords; and the plan he proposes is founded on the principal of a corn-rent. He would first determine what should be the fair reduction, according to the times; and then enquire what is now the price per bushel of good wheat at the usual market to which the corn is carried from the farm in question. He would next estimate how many bushels of such wheat might be purchased by the rent so reduced, and agree that the rent should, in future, be equivalent to the value of such a number of bushels, at the price which wheat should produce at the same market, on some fixed day annually, or half yearly. To illustrate this by an example, suppose a farmer were now paying £100. per annum for the land, and the landlord were disposed to reduce that rent twenty per cent. there would remain £80. to be paid. The average price of wheat on the last market day is found to be seven shillings per bushel; £80. would buy rather more than 228 bushels and a half; it would therefore be agreed, that the future rent should be the value of 228 bushels of wheat, at the average price on the market day preceding the day of payment.

We perfectly concur with the author, that this is the most fair and eligible mode that can be proposed, of lowering the tenant's rent. A more arbitrary abatement, although a present convenience to the tenant, would be objectionable on the part of the landlord, as by submitting to a permanent reduction, he would be doing himself a most serious injury.

Mr. Sellon proceeds to consider the situation of the landlord, as to estates in general, under different classes: first, those that are retained in hand, and intended to be cultivated by the proprietor himself; secondly, those that are untenanted, but designed to be let; thirdly, those on lease; and lastly, such as are held at the will of the landlord and tenant. For the various expedients to which the parties are to resort under these different relations of proprietors and occupiers, we must refer to the work itself; but we may state, that the great object of the whole is, that which every man would think it rational to propose, *to afford a present substantial relief to the tenant, without incurring the risk of any permanent disadvantage to the landlord.*

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Literary Intelligence, &c.

Dr. Lettsom's "Hints designed to promote Beneficence, Temperance, and Medical Science," have been re-published in three volumes 8vo. with Memoirs of the Author and of James Neild, Esq. and brief notices of many other of Dr. Lettsom's friends. The work is embellished with forty plates, ten of which were not in the first edition.

The Author of the "History of the House of Ramanof," "The Orphans, or the Battle of Nevil's Cross, a Metrical Romance," &c. &c. has in the press and ready for publication, "Thoughts on the Poor Laws, and on the Improvement of the Condition and Morals of the Poor."

Religious Liberty stated and enforced on the Principles of Scripture and common Sense. In Six Essays. 1. The Principles on which the Christian Church is founded; 2. The original Terms of Church Communion; 3. The Duty of Inquiry, and the Right of private Judgment; 4. The Spiritual Nature of Christ's Kingdom; and 5. The Nature and Effects of Intolerance. To which is added, 6. A Sketch of the Rise and Spread of *Persecution* among Christians of almost all Denominations. By T. Williams.

Memoirs and Remains of the late Rev. Charles Buck, collected and arranged from his Papers, and interspersed with Observations illustrative of his Character. To which is added, a Brief Review of his various Publications. By John Styles, D. D.—Printed for the benefit of the widow and family.

Commentaries and Annotations on the Holy Scriptures: containing, I. Various Prolegomenous Essays, and short Disquisitions on the following Subjects: The Manuscripts and ancient Copies of the Holy Scriptures—Ancient Versions—The Talmudic Writings—The Jewish Calendar—Ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures—Various Sects—and other Matters connected with the Sacred Text. II. Introductions to the Books of the Old and New Testament, and the Apocrypha. III. A Series of Critical, Philological, and Explanatory Notes, partly Original, and partly compiled from Writers of the first Eminence in every Age and Country. IV. A Chronological Index, accompanied with Synchronisms of the most important Epochas and Events; a copious Index to the Subjects of the Sacred Text; an Index to the principal Matters of the Commentaries and Annotations; and four Maps. By the Rev. John Hewlett, B. D. Chaplain in Ordinary to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, &c. 5 vols. 8vo.

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The Inquisition unmasked; or, the Triumph of Humanity and Liberality in Spain; being a History of the Conduct and Objects of that Tribunal, and a Disserta-

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A Treatise on the Coal Mines of Durham and Northumberland, with Information relative to the Stratifications of the two Counties; and containing Accounts of the Explosions from Fire-damp, which have occurred within the last twenty years, in the Collieries of this District; their Causes; and the Means proposed for their Remedy, and for the general Improvement of the Mining System. By J. H. H. Holmes, Esq. In 8vo. with plates.

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The Connection between the Sacred Writings and the Literature of the Jewish and Heathen Authors, particularly that of the Classical Ages, illustrated, principally with a View to Evidence in Confirmation of the Truth of Revealed Religion. By Robert Gray, D. D. Prebendary of Durham and of Chichester, and Rector of Bishop Wearmouth. In 8vo.

Some Account of the Life and Writings of Mrs. Trimmer, with original Letters and Meditations and Prayers, selected from her Journal. Second Edition, 2 vols. 8vo. with a Portrait.

On the 1st of July will be published, in No. XXVI. of the *Classical and Biblical Journal*, Mr. Bellamy's Answer to the Bishop of St. David's "Reasons why a new Translation of the Bible should not be published, without a previous Statement and Examination of all the material Passages which may be supposed to be misinterpreted."

The Spanish Dictionary of Newman, greatly improved by Mr. Brown, which has been so long in the press, is now nearly completed. The number of words added exceeds three thousand, including all the terms of art, manufactures, and commerce, many of which are to be found in no other Dictionary whatever.

A Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome. With an Appendix, containing some explanatory Notes on Church Authority, the Character of Schism, and the Rock on which our Saviour declared that he built his Church. By Herbert Marsh, D. D. F. R. S. Margaret Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford. 8vo.

Mr. Creswell, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has in the press a Treatise on Spherics, comprising the Elements of Spherical Geometry and Spherical Trigonometry.

Mr. George Kerr, of Aberdeen, will soon publish, *Observations on the Harveian Doctrine of the Circulation of the Blood*.

Mr. Gilchrist is preparing for publication, *Philosophic Etymo-*

logy, or Rational Grammar: containing the Nature and Origin of Alphabetic Signs; a Canon of Etymology; the common System of English Grammar examined; and a Standard of orthography established.

Mr. Berry, author of a History of Guernsey, has in the press a series of tables intituled, *Genealogical Mythology*, intended as a book of reference for classical students.

Mr. Donovan is printing an Essay on the Origin, Progress, and present State of Galvanism, with a Statement of a new Theory.

The authoress of *Botanical Dialogues* will soon publish the *Florist's Manual*, or Hints for the Construction of a Gay Flower Garden, with Directions for the Preservation of Flowers from Insects, &c.

Dr. John Ryland proposes to publish an edition of the Works of the late Rev. Andrew Fuller, including several new MSS. and a Memoir of the Author, in nine or ten octavo volumes.

The *Elgin Marbles* of the Temple of Minerva at Athens, selected from the second and fourth volumes of Stuart and Revett's *Antiquities*, will soon appear, in imperial quarto, engraved on sixty double plates.

Dr. Hughson is preparing a work relative to the Privileges of London and Southwark, as specified and confirmed by Charters, Statutes, and Customs.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A letter from the Chevalier Antonio Canova; and two Memoirs descriptive of the Sculptured Marbles, collected by the Earl of Elgin. By the Chevalier, E. Q. Visconti. Translated from the French and Italian, with an Index.

Observations on the Symptoms and Treatment of the Diseased Spine, previous to the period of Incurvation, with some remarks on the consequent Palsy. By Thomas Copeland, Esq. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and assistant Surgeon to the Westminster General Dispensary.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editors have received notices as to several interesting publications, which were obtained too late to be comprehended in the present month; and others of the same character are necessarily deferred, from various causes.

In the next Number, the Index to the Third Volume of the Fifth Series will be supplied.

